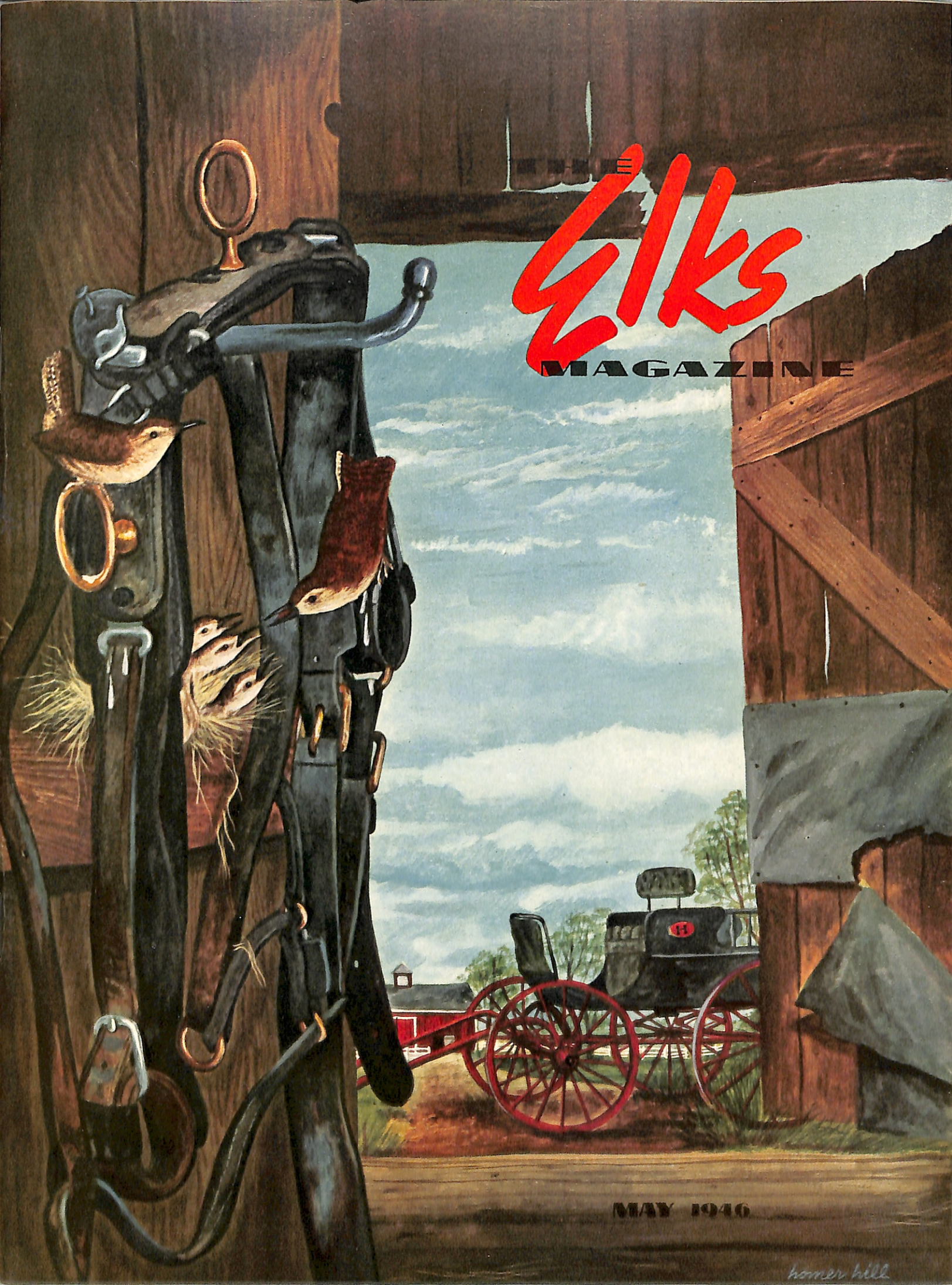


# Elks

MAGAZINE



MAY 1946

*homer hill*



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# *A Message* from the GRAND EXALTED RULER

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ELKDOM has been noted for being able to embrace men of all creeds and political opinions. In a country that has become a cross section of the world, our Order has demonstrated its ability to become a cross section of America. Learning to fraternize, we have learned to be tolerant of other men's beliefs and racial origin.

There has never been a time in the history of the world when there has been a greater need for understanding and tolerance toward people who may differ from us in opinion, mannerism or theology. Persecution of the other man because we do not understand him is downright silly! I regret to think that there is a lot of such silliness extant in the world after 2000 years of Christian teaching.

While Elkdom has set a fine example for our country, I regret to say that I have found some lodges in which a man cannot be elected to office because he is either a Catholic or a Protestant, a this or a that. Men are even deprived of membership because they choose to worship God in a way that differs from the majority. I am thankful that these lodges are few and far between. They are not representative of the true spirit of a great Order.

Whether our name is Algernon Smythe, Isadore Levi, Antonio Vercilietti, Adolph Schmidt or Patrick Murphy, we all have an equal right to become American citizens. None of us can boast of pure American blood. There is no such thing!

Let us be thankful that no dictator can regiment any of us into one standard type! Let us protect our personal rights by being mindful of the rights of others and tolerant at all times toward their point of view! Let us constantly be on our guard to keep Elkdom truly representative of the world's greatest country! America needs not only Elkdom but also the spirit of Elkdom.

Fraternally yours,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Wade H. Kepner". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, stylized 'W' and 'K'.

WADE H. KEPNER  
GRAND EXALTED RULER



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# THE Elks MAGAZINE

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

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MAY 1946

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Cover Design by Homer Hill

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## IN THIS ISSUE We Present—

THIS month our cover design is a Spring scene—you can tell by the wrens. It's by Homer Hill, a moody young man who lives in a place called "Sleepy Hill".

We are happy to announce we have secured contributions of another book reviewer who will alternate with Harry Hansen in giving you the latest dope in the publishing world. Miss Nina Bourne has a nice, breezy style and we like her. Another new acquisition to our contributors is John Lardner, whose sports writing is a happy melody in this beat-up old world. Mr. Lardner has the background for the job. You may remember his father, Ring?

This month we are featuring an article, "Tall Tales (1946)", by William McGarry, a fine broth of a lad. Mr. McGarry has investigated the legendary heroes who have come out of the recent war and his findings make good reading.

Hugh B. Cave, a fictioneer, comes up this month with an unusual story of a conflict which exists between a disillusioned woman and her daughter. The unusual part comes in the queer twist in the end.

Clarence Birdseye, the frozen foods man, has dreamed up a new one which has other food people in a dither. It looks as if we will be doing a lot of good eating a lot easier.

We have gone back to our old title, "Vacations Unlimited" in our monthly feature on places to go and how to do it, by Al Frantz. We fooled around for hours with this title and were unable to dream up anything to beat it.

This month Ed Faust does that periodical business of his called "sorting the mail". He answers a lot of questions you might have asked.

On the fraternal side, there are several items of interest in addition to the news items and pictures which appear under the titles "News of the Subordinate Lodges" and "Under the Antlers". Grand Exalted Ruler Kepner contributes his monthly message, and includes accounts of his visits to the Subordinate Lodges. Announcements are made on pages 27 and 34 of the candidacy for office of two of the most distinguished members of our Order.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation, has an interesting announcement to make on page 34 concerning the awards made to contributors to that distinguished charitable enterprise.

We thought it would be expedient in this column to announce that any items which interest you particularly, as extolled in either the "Gadget and Gimmick Dept.", "It's a Man's World" or any other department, will be further described by our Reader Service Dept. Write these busy little people at this address for particulars, for trade names, prices and manufacturers.  
C. P.



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**N**OBODY in the United States ever goes out at night except in formal evening clothes. After the theatre, movies, prize fights, opera or wrestling matches, everybody winds up at night clubs. A saw-buck is the lowest tip any waiter will accept, and good sports make it a double saw, and up. In the morning every wife loads her husband's shoot-in' irons while he is tossing off a dozen eggs and a pound or two of bacon for breakfast. He generally has to shoot his way to work and back again at night.

This partial synopsis of what life is really like in the astonishing Land of the Free may sound like the old malarkey, or corn, to the people who only live here. The fact is, however, that millions of people in Europe, Asia, Africa and Down Under believe it implicitly. And why not? Didn't they get the description straight from the GI Joes? They most certainly did. Moreover, everybody in a foreign land who could read or listen has known for centuries that the streets here were paved with gold.

It wasn't exactly a military secret that the boys over there were playing true to an old American tradition and making up some more folklore during the late hostilities. But war is a serious and a ghastly business. The cables and the air were crowded. The correspondents didn't have the time, the facilities or the inclination for anything but a mere trickle of humor, while the war was on. Now that it's over and the lads are coming home, the truth is coming out about the colossal contributions they made to an exclusively American form of literature, the tall tale.

Ask the average man who hasn't read up on this subject and he is likely to tell you it had its start with lumberjack tales about a mythical character named Paul Bunyan. He was of heroic proportions himself, but Babe, his blue ox, was so big they had to open a new iron mine on Lake Superior every time he needed to be shod. There was a logging road in Wisconsin between two points nineteen miles apart. But it was so crooked and doubled back on itself so much that it took days to negotiate it. Paul fixed that by hitching Babe to one end of the road, and when the ox got through pulling it out straight there were fifty-three miles of road left over.

Actually the pattern of exaggeration of which that is a sample had its start with an imaginary character named Alfred Bulltop Stormalong, who was a fathom high at twelve and grew a fathom each year thereafter. He helped Commodore Paul Jones smash the British fleet during the Revolution. Then he built the world's largest sailing ship, the Albatross. She was so long the deck crew had to use horses to get from one end to the other, so wide she couldn't quite squeeze through the English Channel. Old Stormalong fixed that. He soaped up her sides, and in scraping through the soap came off and made the black cliffs of Dover white.

Some authorities trace the tall tale as far back as Captain John Smith's own account of his prowess in the Virginia of 1607, when he was saved from death by Pocahontas. Also to the tales about Miles Standish in New England around 1620. But Stormalong was the progenitor of such heroes as Jonathan Slick, the original nutmeg salesman; Mike Fink, Mississippi keelboat man who could lick anybody; Davy Crockett, whose baby cradle was twelve feet long and who had a battle with a comet and won; Johnny Appleseed, who planted all the orchards in the country; Windwagon Smith, who put sails on prairie schooners; Pecos Bill, greatest cowboy of all times, who could round up enough cattle singlehanded to feed an army; John Henry, the hand-driller of oil wells who died with his hammer in his hand trying to beat the steam drill; Joe Magarac, the man of steel, and, of course, Bunyan.

No matter where it started, however, it has been an old American

custom to perpetuate every historic national triumph with the creation of a mythical hero, and to glorify him in song and story. This applies not only to military victories, but also to conquests of the wilderness and commercial or industrial expansion. The bigger the actual achievement, the more fantastic the tales told about the nonexistent individual who was given all the credit.

Now it may be told that the nation's biggest army has produced the largest crop of whoppers in history, in a shorter space of time than ever before and with an infinite number of new angles. The dream heroes of the war just ended didn't have to wait several generations for their exploits to be thought up. This man's army did it on the spot, in keeping with the rapid tempo of the age of radar and electronics. To a greater extent than ever before it even glorified the Sad Sack.

Some musty scholars have wept over this peculiarly American habit of exaggerating, giving it such hor-

# TALL TALES (1946)

**By William McGarry**

**Telling tall tales is an  
old American custom  
—here are some  
"beauts"**





rendous definitions as a sublimation of the infantile complex. An adult is a giant to a child, and if the child's mind fails to mature it must imagine giants when it grows up. But the boys who worked for Eisenhower and MacArthur put the quietus on that libel for all time. They actually proved that it had a definite psychological military value both in fooling the enemy and in improving the fraternal spirit and therefore the morale and unity of their own ranks. Also, as will be shown later, it got the girls.

Long before they had time to do any wooing the soldiers following the American custom of debunking everything with more and better bunk were ribbing the enemy with all sorts of gags and imaginary information. German and Italian officers and some-

times even the British were baffled by "Doyle", the man who never turned up when he was expected, but had always been mysteriously there the day before or was going to arrive tomorrow. The legend about him got its start during the African campaign in the form of messages scrawled any place there was room reading "Doyle was here", or "Doyle will be here".

After the collapse of Germany and the liberation of their American prisoners it was learned that Doyle, real or imaginary, had been a definite thorn in the side of the German military intelligence as well as the prison

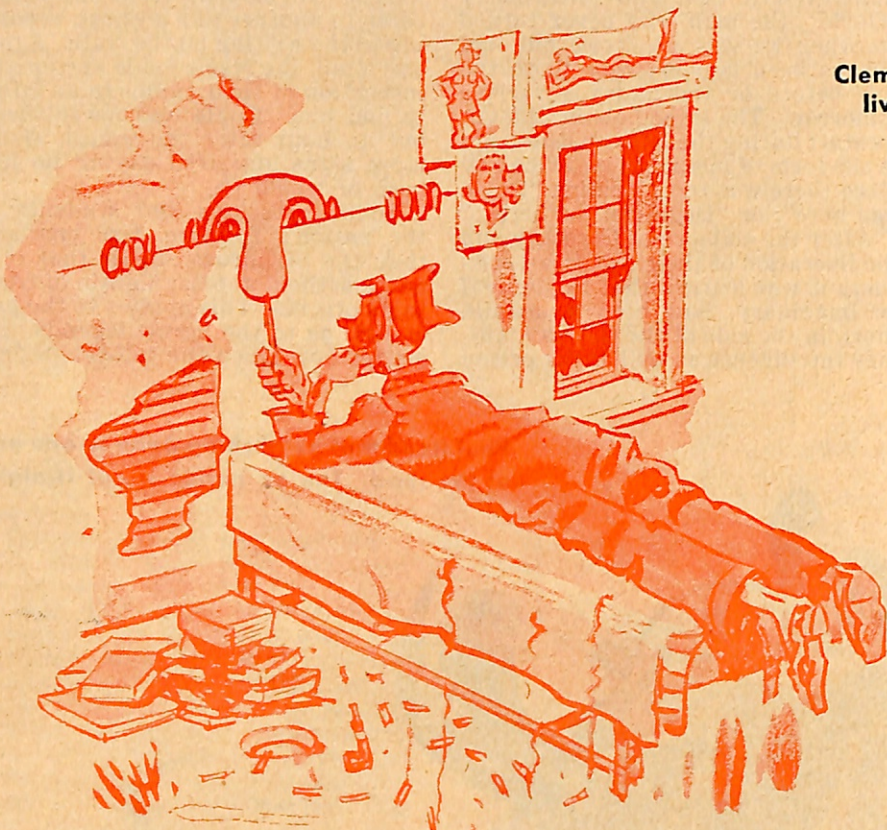
guards. He skipped from one prison camp to another like a ghost, according to the writing on the walls. Again and again the Nazis made systematic inspection of their camps in an effort to find him. Doyle was never there, but an hour after the search ended more signs appeared saying he had been or would be.

Some historians and students of the nation's folklore, less crochety than the highbrows, insist that it is never without at least a grain of truth in its origins. This applies to the gag as well as to the heroic legends. No matter how much the tall-tale-tellers

**Paul fixed that by hitching Babe to one end of the road. The ox pulled it out straight.**







Clem is likely to be the most long-lived of the war's Scapegoats.

plot in bringing his big bomber home over a 500-mile stretch with all four engines shot out, undoubtedly still believe it and think he has a lot more on the ball in the air than General Jimmy Doolittle. But the explanation of how it was done, given by the boys, was simple—ridiculously so. It seems Kilroy's first experience was with gliders. So when he found his power gone he got so scared he forgot all he had learned since, reverted to his early training, manipulated the huge battleship of the air like a feather-weight glider or a bird to take advantage of all existing air currents, and got her back.

Foreign pilots didn't fall for this, of course, but a lot of the girls and other civilians, and even some earth-bound officers who were not too smart, did. If they questioned the story the fliers dragged out meteorological tables from some of the Army

may exaggerate, there is always a real person or persons, or a real incident or series, to get the fiction started. Thus many former prisoners of the Germans are convinced that the inspiration of the Doyle business was Colonel Doyle R. Yardley, the very real commander of a parachute battalion in Africa, Sicily and Italy.

The record shows that after service in this country Colonel Yardley and his battalion were sent to England early in 1942 to train with British parachute troops for the invasion of Africa. They flew 1,500 miles from Lands End, England, to drop on the Tafouri Airdrome, near Oran, Algeria. With that mopped up, they flew to the airport at Youks-Bain, near Gafsa, Tunisia, seventeen days later. In Salerno Colonel Yardley was dropped behind the German lines and taken prisoner. After being shifted from one camp to another he escaped, joined the Russian Army and fought his way back to Germany.

Long before that his exploits in Africa had made the real Doyle R. Yardley a toast of all the parachute battalions. It was probably some of his own men who started the "Doyle was here" signs every time they took a position and moved on. In any event American prisoners in the German camps learned of his escape through the underground and the grapevine. Virtually every camp, particularly those containing airmen, had some sort of improvised radio on which the men could pick up scraps of information.

Even though half starved, there was nothing the Americans liked to do better than needle the German

guards. One of them learned the Germans were not certain the real Doyle had escaped. So just to add to the confusion of the krauts the boys began to write cryptic messages, designed to make their captors believe he was still in Germany. The idea spread with the shifting of prisoners, and soon Doyle was vanishing everywhere at once.

Likewise the "Kilroy was here" sign familiar to every army airman has been traced to a joke played on Sergeant Francis J. Kilroy, Jr., of Everett, Mass., while he was in training at the Boca Raton airfield in Florida. Kilroy had a touch of flu and was sent to the hospital. His friend Jimmy Maloney visited him, learned he would be out in a few days and put a sign on the bulletin board reading "Kilroy will be here next week". Other fliers wrote variations of the message on walls and hangar doors.

Kilroy went to Italy with a bomber group and Maloney was sent to the Pacific theatre. The latter and other fliers plastered the sign at so many airfields that finally "Kilroy was here" became a sort of double talk slogan of the Air Corps. From Berlin to Bagdad to Yokohama Kilroy became the catchword of the air, the answer to anything to which no one knew the answer, the hero of heroes. Even when the brass started to brag, a quiet and respectful, "Was Kilroy there, Sir?" invariably developed a red face and a rapid change of subject.

Some of Uncle Sam's flying Allies got the idea rather quickly. Many others, told of Kilroy's incredible ex-



Illustrated by  
STUART HAY

She was so long, the deck crew had to use horses.



and Navy observation stations in Greenland and elsewhere to prove the feat would be possible under the right conditions. When the wind reaches velocities of 150 miles an hour or more, as it frequently does in storms at these stations and in typhoons over "the hump" in China, even the heaviest planes may be lifted a mile or more by whirlpools of rising air. Of course everybody forgot to explain that the plane runs through this lift in a minute or less if it isn't torn apart, and that such "pockets" are rare and too far apart for glider use.

The Russians are said to have recognized the "Kilroy was here" and "Doyle is coming" idea as a joke even when the phrase was the only one in English they had learned to pronounce. But a number of French pilots are said to be still trying to find out what the flier did when all the other American men of the air wanted to "keel roy." The Poles had difficulty with it, too, and even the more highly educated German fliers taken prisoner regarded the hoax as an evidence either of battle fatigue or congenital insanity on the part of the Yanks. A lot of the British who looked into the matter all the way

back to Stormalong and Bunyan sent the Americans into gales of laughter by insisting, "But this is all too preposterous, y'know, to be amusing."

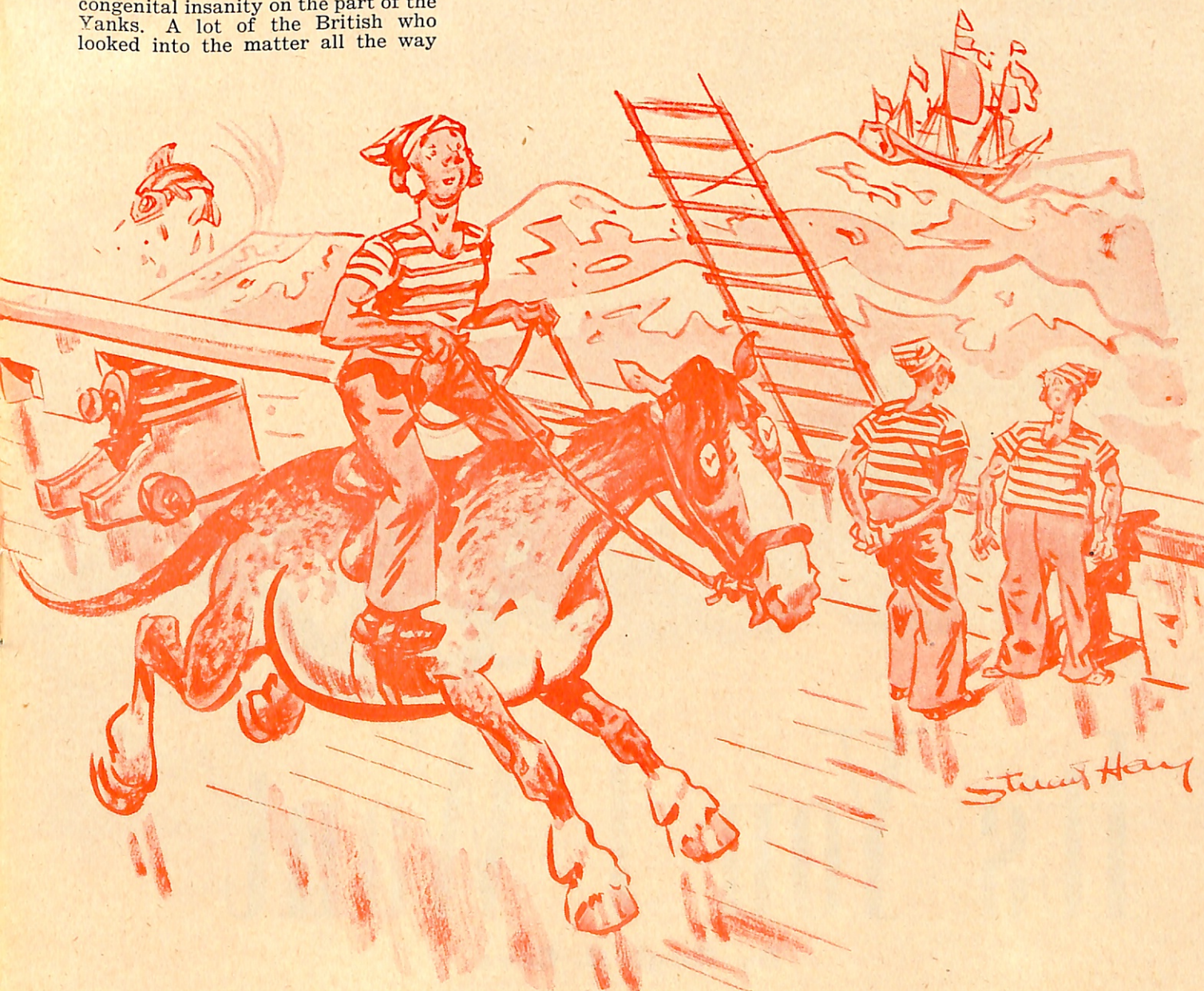
Highbrows in the psychological warfare sections were continually amazed at the rapidity with which all the foreigners grasped the humor in the gags and tall tales of the Americans once they had lived with the Yanks for a time. Something seemed to happen to their point of view. At first they were shocked at the way GI Joes and even younger officers criticized and cussed out rank—behind its back, of course. Then they were amazed to learn that the higher officers knew all about this and thought it was natural. A brass hat who walked in on a bull session was expected to cough and let on he had heard nothing as the juniors who had been calling him all sorts of names jumped up to salute. Generally he did just that. Sometimes he turned around and went out because he couldn't keep his face straight.

The "Ozark Harry" legend that swept American forces in the Philip-

pinas was a perfect example of Yank impudence and attitude toward any higher up, any form of authority, except on those occasions when respect is called for by discipline or manners. It needs no stretch of the imagination to assume that "Ozark Harry" is the current occupant of the White House—nor that he has had many a hearty laugh about the doings of his *alter ego* in the Pacific.

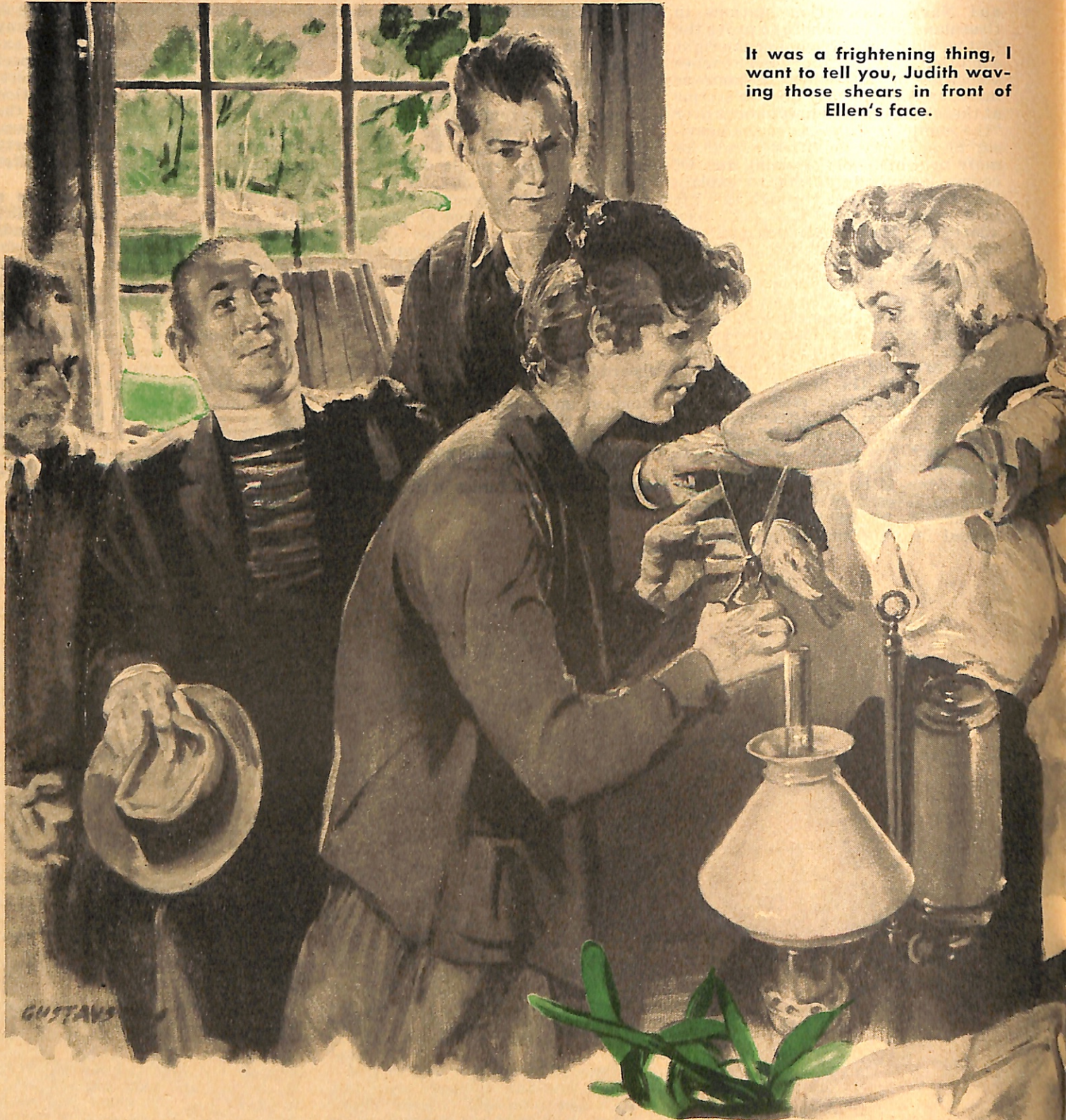
As this story goes there was a piano-playing swing-music addict among the doughboys in the islands who introduced himself by that sobriquet. He even explained in strictest confidence to some of the girls who Ozark Harry really was and then told them, "I'm the big guy—in disguise." Other GIs found the yarn was getting over, claimed to be his buddies and invented tales of his exploits. He became the Don Juan of the Pacific. He liked to play the piano to relax after he had knocked off a regiment of Japs singlehanded. His music was so torrid it sent the women into ecstasies and they

(Continued on page 59)





It was a frightening thing, I  
want to tell you, Judith wav-  
ing those shears in front of  
Ellen's face.



# It's You I Want

By Hugh B. Cave



# The town of Woodfield's biggest mystery was solved by a boy's love for a girl and the conflict over their marriage.

Illustrated by LEE GUSTAVSON

THE way Clifton told it, he was exploring the woods that day and happened on the Shippee place from the rear. He saw the pond through the trees and mistook it for a bend in the stream he was following, and at the pond's edge, still not dreaming there was a house in miles, he found the Shippees' path and went along it.

Ellen must have been on the path at the same time, coming up from the house. But it wasn't till she walked out on the big oak, the one that leans over the water, that Clifton saw her.

She had on a long black bathing suit and old sneakers, and her hair was tied in a towel. When she put aside the towel and got set to dive, with her head high and that yellow hair stirring in the breeze, Clifton was impressed. He didn't know her father, Pete Shippee, was Woodfield's biggest mystery. Nor did he know he was the first man to set foot on the Shippee property since Ellen's mother, Judith, had put dogs on the place two years back.

Clifton called out to her and waved, which is what you'd expect of a twenty-two-year-old boy whose notion of fun is to go tramping through the woods with a trout rod. When he reached the tree and smiled up at her, she said, "Where did you come from?"

"Where did you?" Clifton asked, holding up his fishing rod. He couldn't see the house from there.

"I live here. I'm Ellen Shippee."

"Is that so? Well, my name's Clif-

ton Andrews. I work in the village."

"You're new?"

"I've never been here before, if that's what you mean. I didn't know these woods had so much to offer." He kept staring at her and wondering why such a pretty girl was wearing that old-fashioned bathing suit. Probably she'd borrowed it from someone older.

"Go ahead," he said then. "Go on swimming. I'll sit here and watch."

Ellen smiled at him and that settled it. She had the same smile he mother used to have—the smile that kept Fred Hall and me and other Woodfield bucks in a dither until she married Pete Shippee. "All right," she said. And, walking out to the end of the overhanging limb, she dived in.

She could swim like a trout, and for five or ten minutes Clifton sat watching her. He didn't know she'd been brought up there in the woods and was wild as an animal. He just knew she was something special.

He never guessed there was anyone behind him until Judith Shippee's voice screamed at him, "Get up out of there!" The voice all but jabbed him out of his skin.

He said afterwards the woman looked like a witch, but I doubt it. Judith wasn't too old, only thirty-eight or so, and had always been small and pretty. Clifton said she had on old corduroy pants and a man's sweater and a man's old hat, so maybe she'd been working in her garden. Anyway, she had a shotgun and pointed it at him. "How'd you get in here?" she demanded.

"Why, through the woods, ma'am."

"Then get out the same way and don't ever show your face here again!"

"But, ma'am," Clifton protested. "I didn't see this land was posted anywhere."

"Get out!" she screamed at him.

Clifton turned to look for the girl, but she was swimming to the far shore. He felt sort of let down about that. He thought she ought to have come back and told the woman he'd not tried to be fresh. But there was no use him talking to the woman herself while she waved the shotgun and sputtered at him, so he picked up his fishing rod and went into the woods. He never did see the house that day.

This was a Sunday and Mary and I were over at Fred Hall's house when Clifton got back, so he didn't get to tell about it till the next day, at the garage. He was working on the Reverend Lester's car and Fred was

over from his hardware store, using my drill press. Soon as Clifton said where he'd been, Fred and I stopped working.

"She told me," Clifton said, "she'd use the shotgun if she ever caught me there again. Now what kind of talk is that?"

"She would, too," Fred said.

"But why?"

We didn't like to get started on another telling of that story, but Clifton was new to Woodfield. What's more, he was the best mechanic I'd ever had. I didn't want him in any trouble. He'd answered my ad in the *Bedford Times* the week he got out of uniform, and I hoped he was planning to settle down in Woodfield and work up to a sort of partnership.

"Fred," I said, "we'd better put him straight."

We got it told pretty well, I think. Both of us had known Pete Shippee all our lives, and so we had no arguments, as folks sometimes did, about the kind of man he was *before* he was married. "Most easy-going man I ever knew," I said. "Lazy as all get-out in trout time, but strong as a horse and a mighty fine carpenter in season, as you'd know if you'd seen the house he built Judith, in there on the pond."

"He knew every trout hole in the county," Fred said, getting a far-off look as he recalled the times he and Pete and I had gone fishing together. "Loved to go gunning, too. He'd track a deer all day without complaint."

Young Clifton sat on the fender of the Reverend Lester's car and listened as if we were discussing the father of the girl he'd already made up his mind to marry.

"Pete went to school with Judith," I said. "That matter, we all did, but she never saw anybody but him. Soon as he'd saved a little money they got married. Had a daughter, Ellen, right off. Pretty soon Pete bought that woodland where you found the pond, and commenced building a house."

"Isn't that pretty far out?" Clifton asked.

"Far enough, but they wanted to be off by themselves. Pete kept the road in good shape, though, so's he could get back and forth to wherever he was working."

"I didn't see any road."

"You approached through the woods," Fred explained. "The road runs out t'other side, onto Highway 26. That is, it used to. Now it's barricaded."

"Barricaded? Why?"

"Judith closed it off after Pete went away."

The boy was naturally puzzled, and it was hard for us to put him straight. Not a soul in Woodfield could really explain that part of it. Nobody knew what had come over Pete Shippee in the third year of his marriage to make him clear out the way he had, leaving Judith and their two-year-old baby girl behind. We only knew he'd begun to change right after he married. Gave up hunting and fishing.



Stopped visiting my garage to pass the time of day, or calling around at Fred's store for a lunchtime game of crib. Things of that sort.

"Something came over him; we don't know what," I said. "He just cleared out one day and no one's heard from him since."

"And after he went, his wife put up a barricade?"

"Well, not right off. She was all right for a time; never had much to say, but came to the village once or twice a week in Pete's car, with the baby. He'd been gone about three years when she closed the road off."

"Four," Fred said. "Ellen was six. Judith took her from school in the second grade."

"The law says a child has to go to school," Clifton said, polishing a screwdriver on the knee of his pants while he sat on the Reverend Lester's fender and scowled at us.

"Judith's mother gave up teaching at the school to go out there and live with them," Fred explained.

"Is she there now?"

"No, she died two years ago. There's just Judith and Ellen now."

"Living alone there," I said, "behind that barricade."

You could see Clifton only half believed it. He sat there scratching his pants with the screwdriver and trying to find holes in what we'd told him. "How do they get to the village, with the road blocked off?" he demanded.

"They don't very often. But Judith still has Pete's old car. She keeps it in a shed near the turn-in."

"How old is Ellen Shippee?"

"She'd be seventeen. Most eighteen."

"Never mind how old she is," Fred said. "You keep away from there, Clifton."

Clifton shrugged and slid down off the fender. "An old shotgun don't scare me," he said. "I've been shot at by tanks." There was a grin on his mouth and I knew darned well he'd be heading for that pond again first chance he got.

"You be careful," I warned. "She has a shotgun *and* dogs, and she don't mean to have any young fellow fooling around Ellen. You never saw a more determined woman in your life."

"I never saw a prettier girl, either," Clifton said.

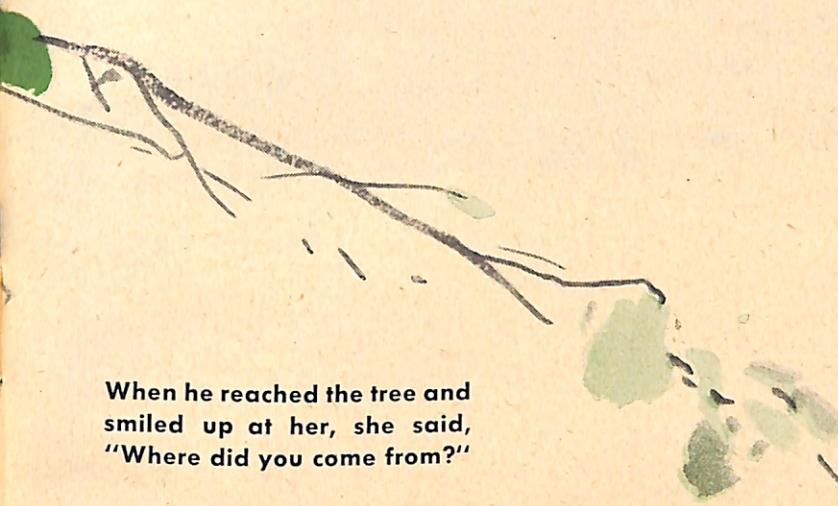
WELL, we'd warned him. And, of course, he went on out there the following Sunday as if we hadn't said a word. He parked his car on Highway 26, found the road Pete Shippee had cut in through the woods, and walked along it to where Judith had set up the log barrier. He climbed the barrier and came to the house.

Clifton circled the house, wondering at the bigness of it, and stole through the woods to the pond to see if Ellen was there swimming, but she wasn't. It began to look as if he'd climbed the barrier for nothing. Even in love he wasn't a big enough fool to go in the house after her.

When he got back by the house,







When he reached the tree and  
smiled up at her, she said,  
"Where did you come from?"

though, Ellen's mother had come out the side door with a chair, and Clifton watched her. She put the chair in the sun at the edge of the yard and went back in. Soon Ellen came out. She sat in the chair with a book.

Ellen's hair had been washed and when she leaned back it all but touched the ground behind her. "Like a river of gold," Clifton said later, "that she'd caught and fastened to her head." He whistled and she looked up. He pointed to the pond and she nodded. After a while she called to the house to tell her mother she was going for a walk, and when she came along the path by the pond, Clifton was waiting for her.

"We mustn't talk here," Ellen said. "Mother can see this part of the pond from the house. Go through the woods to where the brook runs out."

"Your mother might as well know I intend to see you," Clifton protested. But Ellen wouldn't have it. She hurried on past him. Just to be sure her mother would not be suspicious, she stopped at the leaning oak for a while before going on down the path to where Clifton, after cutting through the woods, was waiting.

They couldn't be seen there unless Judith came along the path almost onto them, and if she did that they would hear her coming because the path was choked with brush. The stream, spilling down from the pond over the dam Pete Shippee had built, formed a deep pool before swirling off into the woods. Ellen sat on the bank and, with her shoes off, let the water slide over her feet. When she leaned back on her elbows and smiled at Clifton, her hair tumbled down behind her.

Clifton took her hand. "You're glad I came back, aren't you?" he said.

She studied him—as if she hadn't known what a boy looked like, close up, and wanted never to forget. "I knew you'd come."

"Even after what your mother said?"

"Mother doesn't know what to do about me now I'm grown up," Ellen said. "She might put Chief on you, but I don't believe she'd use the shotgun really."

"Who's Chief?"

"Our dog. He'd have smelled you out, back of the house where you whistled at me, but he's been sick. Mother has him in her room. He's the only dog she has left."

"I hope he's a long time getting over what ails him," Clifton said.

That's how they talked, just words, just anything to help them get acquainted. After a while Clifton told about himself and his job, how he lived at my house in the village and hoped to settle down in Woodfield for good; and Ellen told about herself and her mother. When I asked later if she mentioned her father, Clifton said no. But he had to think hard to remember whether she had or not.

Clifton asked how old she was. "Eighteen," she said. "I was eighteen yesterday."

"Next time I come, I'm going to bring you a present."

Her face lit up as if he had promised her the moon. "What kind of present?"

"What do you want?"

She thought for a long time, leaning back on her elbows with her eyes shut and her hair falling on the bank behind her. "A comb," she said then, "for my hair. If I hide it by the big oak, mother won't know I have it."

"All right," Clifton said. "I'll bring you the most expensive comb I can find, next time I come."

"Promise?"

"Promise."

Ellen lay back on the bank. "You have to kiss on a promise," she said. "But I don't mind."

All told, they weren't there by the brook but half an hour or so, and then Ellen said her mother would be

looking for her. They kissed good-bye, like scared youngsters who had caught the moon and didn't know what to do with it. Ellen went back along the path and Clifton cut around the foot of the pond, through the woods, to Pete Shippee's road.

When he got to the barrier, Judith Shippee was sitting there on a stump, holding her shotgun, waiting for him.

For a minute they faced each other, the woman all white and shaking but not saying anything. She looked angry enough to use the gun, but Clifton stood his ground. At last Judith got off the stump and said, "I told you to keep out of here!"

"I don't mean to keep out of here," Clifton said. "You've no right to shut Ellen off from the world. Her life is her own." He was angry, too, so angry he was shouting at her. But he got hold of himself and stepped forward. It took courage to do that. Any soldier knows a crazy person with a gun is apt to do most anything.

"Mrs. Shippee," he said, "I know how you feel about men. You think every man is like your husband. You've made up your mind Ellen mustn't suffer the way you did. But that's crazy."

Judith didn't budge.

"You ought to know you can't keep Ellen shut up in here forever," Clifton said. "She's a grown girl. She'll be wanting to get out and get married."

Judith looked him up and down with her small bright eyes. "To you?" she said.

"Yes! To me!"

"Is that all you got to say?"

"No, I—"

"It better be," Judith said. "Now get out." The gun began to shake in her hands and she aimed it at Clifton's head. "Get out!" she screamed, and stood there shaking all over while he climbed the barricade and walked down the road.

I don't know how many times Ellen and Clifton met after that, or how they did it, but they got around Judith somehow. Sometimes the boy would get up early—I'd hear him leave the house around four or five o'clock—and when he turned up at the garage to commence work at nine, he'd have a look in his eyes that gave him away. Other times he'd go out after supper and not get back before we went to bed. He never said much. It wasn't till August, more than three months after he'd discovered the Shippee place, that he brought the matter to a head.

The Reverend Lester had dropped in for supper one night, and the three of us were in the parlor, talking, while Mary did the dishes. Clifton had been edgy all through the meal. All at once he came out with what was troubling him.

"Sir," he blurted, "I need some advice. Can I talk to you?"

The Reverend Lester gave him his whole attention. I guess he knew what was coming.

"Ellen Shippee and I want to get  
(Continued on page 57)

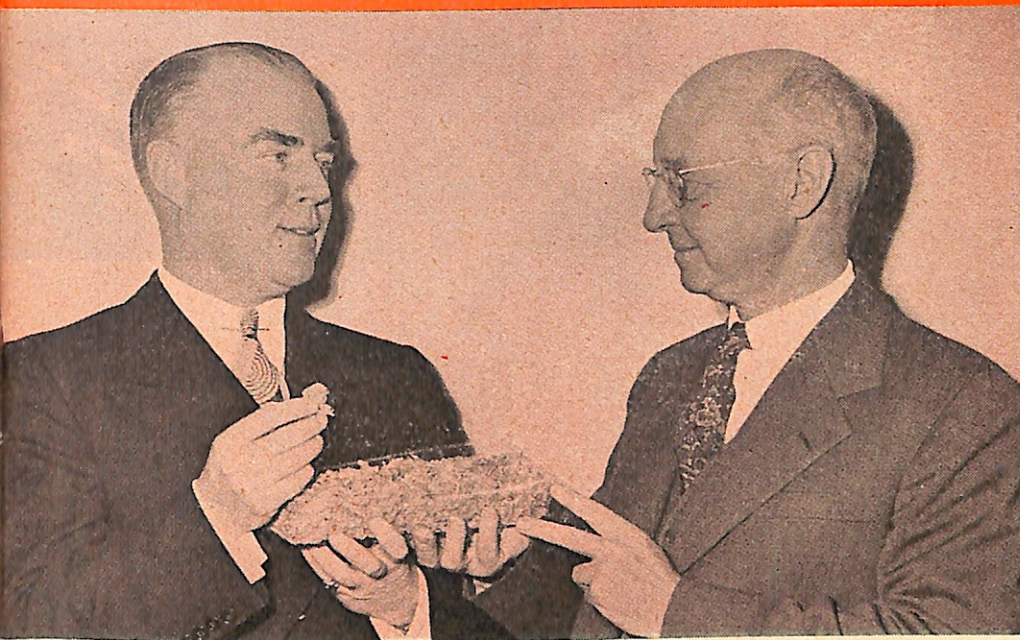




● Above: H. W. Roden, illustrates saving of space on grocery shelves, made possible by anhydrous foods. Two small shelves at top contain anhydrous vegetables equivalent to vegetables in cans or to produce in bins.

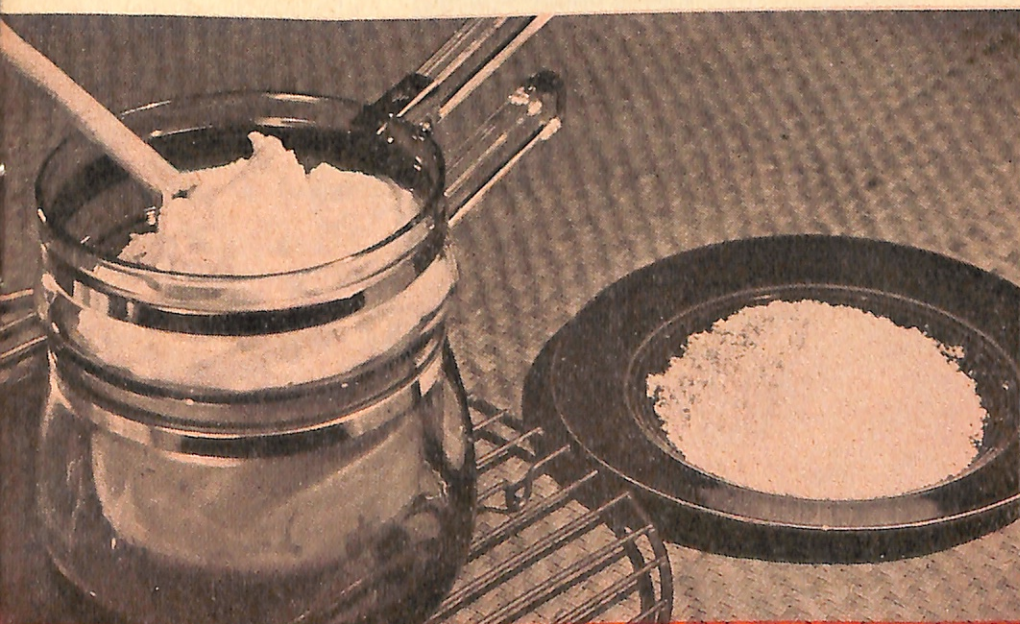


Below: Mr. Roden of American Home Foods, Inc., receives first quantity of anhydrous carrots from Clarence Birdseye (right) who developed the new process for preserving fruits and vegetables.



# Magic Foods of Tomorrow

By John D. Murphy



Above: The fluffy mashed potatoes shown in double boiler, left, were prepared in less than five minutes by simply adding boiling water to a quantity of anhydrous riced potatoes.

**Anhydrous foods will soon save you time, money and space and your guests will think that you are an Escoffier**

**B**Y THE time you read this article, or shortly thereafter, you may be able to go to your corner grocer, purchase a package of potatoes the size of a pack of cigarettes, take it home and in four minutes have enough mashed potatoes to feed five or six people. Moreover, your guests will be unable to detect that they aren't eating fresh potatoes. You will also be able to procure broccoli, carrots, apples, spinach, squash, onions, potatoes in three forms, in fact, almost any vegetable and a great many fruits and berries in this new form. They will all come in very small packages, so that one pantry shelf will hold several weeks' supply. They will keep indefinitely without spoiling and will require no refrigeration. They will be cheaper than either fresh or canned vegetables and you can continue to enjoy "fresh" vegetables the year round, regardless of the season. They can be prepared in a fraction of the time required for either canned or fresh vegetables.

Called "anhydrous foods" because virtually all the water has been extracted, vegetables and fruits processed by this new method retain the flavor, aroma, color and vitamin content of fresh foods. In fact they are so indistinguishable from fresh foods that 200 food experts were recently fooled into thinking they were eating fresh vegetables and remained unconvinced until they were actually shown how the food had been prepared.

In a preview showing of Anhydrous Foods at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City on November 13, 1945, these 200 food experts from all over the nation were guests at a luncheon given by Clarence Birdseye, one of America's foremost food scientists and inventors. The food experts expected some announcement regarding a new development in foods, but they had no idea what it would be. As the luncheon progressed the guests conjectured among themselves as to what the new innovation would be, totally unaware that they were at the moment eating it! Birdseye had distinguished himself as a food scientist 18 years before when he introduced the first successful method for commercial quick freezing, and most of those present supposed he had some

(Continued on page 39)



# ON STAGE

At Right: Garry Davis, Ray (Sad Sack) Bolger and Gordon MacRae enjoy a difference of opinion in "Three to Make Ready", Broadway's smash hit musical review. Bolger the eccentric dancer is starred.



*We*



Left: To those interested in the theater, one of the most exciting events in recent times is the visit of the Old Vic Theatre Company, which is now playing in New York under the sponsorship of New York's new and non-profit repertory organization, Theatre Incorporated. At left, Laurence Olivier is photographed in a tragic scene from the W. B. Yeats version of Sophocles' "Oedipus". Other productions will be Shakespeare's "Henry IV Part 1" and "Henry IV Part 2", Sheridan's "The Critic" and Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man".



## ON SCREEN

# Recommend:

Right: Ray Milland follows up his triumph in "The Lost Weekend" with Paramount's comedy, "The Well-Groomed Bride". It all hinges on a bottle of champagne, with Olivia DeHavilland and Sonny Tufts co-starring with Milland and the bottle.



Above is a scene from Walt Disney's new musical, "Make Mine Music". In the above sequence, a feuding Martin and McCoy forget to feud, from the sequence "The Martins and the McCoys".

Right: Alan Ladd scrags an antagonist in Paramount's tough mystery picture, "The Blue Dahlia", also starring Veronica Lake and William Bendix.

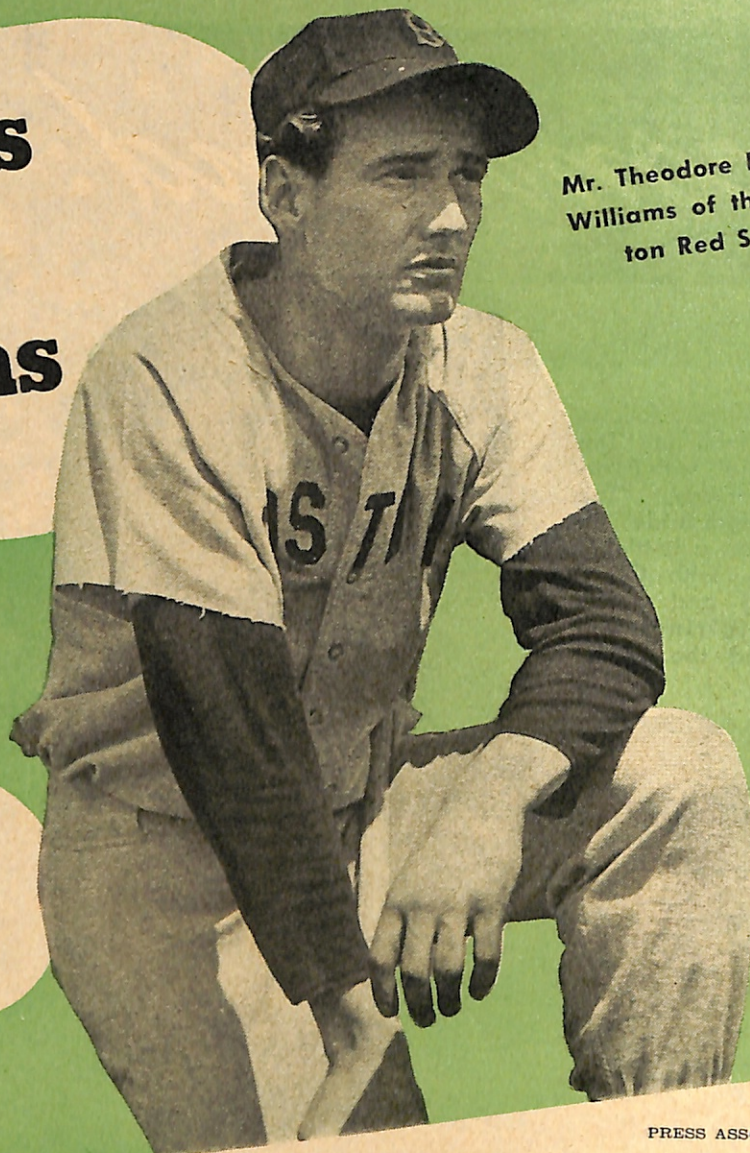




# Williams Likes Williams

By John Lardner

Today's greatest  
left-handed hitter  
has other talents.



Mr. Theodore Francis  
Williams of the Bos-  
ton Red Sox.

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

IT MAY have escaped your notice, but back at the tag-end of last winter, when the baseball clubs were gathering to train for this, the first season of certified, professional ball in four years, Mr. Theodore Francis Williams of the Boston Red Sox gave off a quick statement. Mr. Williams is almost without peer in baseball for the production of base hits and quick statements. This time he said he had a side bet of \$1,000 with Dick Wakefield, rising young Detroit slugger, that he would out-hit Wakefield in 1946. He said he had another bet of \$1,000 to \$800 that Wakefield would not match his, Mr. Williams', personal feat of a few years back in hitting thirty-seven home runs in a season.

Word of these remarks soon reached the official, though graceful, ears of Albert B. (formerly Happy) Chandler, high commissioner of baseball. Emitting a yelp of outraged au-

thority, Mr. Chandler said that Mr. Williams had better be kidding.

"We do not tolerate betting in baseball," said the commissioner.

Mr. Williams at once admitted he had been kidding, and Mr. Wakefield backed him up. Having been in the armed service a year ago, the boys probably did not know that Mr. Chandler had made the same statement about betting before. On that occasion Mr. L. S. MacPhail, president of the New York Yankees, stifled a quiet yawn from his stand in front of a race track betting window and told the press that the commissioner must have been misquoted. He then made his bet and Mr. Chandler changed the subject. It should be borne in mind that Mr. MacPhail was the man who got Mr. Chandler his job in baseball. Mr. Williams and Mr. Wakefield had nothing to do with it.

Williams' error in etiquette, of

course, was to make his bets out loud—as he does everything else. Hundreds of bets are made in baseball every year, by Mr. MacPhail, Mr. Leo Durocher of Brooklyn, and dozens of working athletes. So long as these characters bet on themselves to win and not on the opposition (an oversight committed by the Chicago White Sox in 1919) they are merely sharing the hobby of several million other honest citizens. Even the great George H. Ruth made bets on baseball. I remember one year when he wagered Lefty Gomez, a fine pitcher and an unusual if rotten hitter, that Senor Gomez would not get a dozen hits all season. On almost the last day of play, Senor Gomez beat out a crashing blow that reached the second baseman on the fourteenth bounce. Standing jubilantly on first base with his twelfth hit, he thumbed his nose at Mr. Ruth for five minutes.

(Continued on page 50)



● New England is dotted with lovely churches like this one at Saybrook, Connecticut.

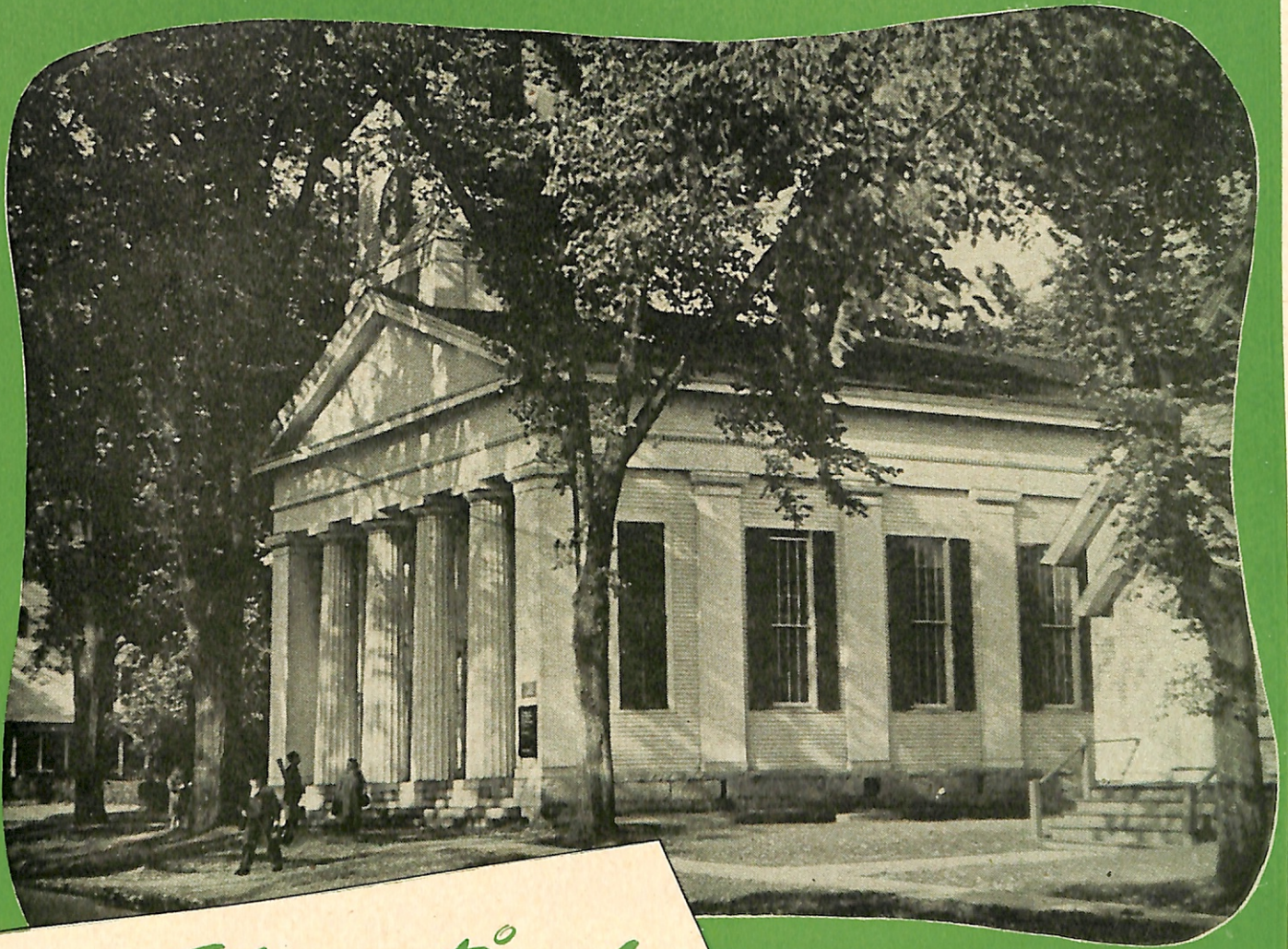


Photo by George A. Thompson from Black Star

# Vacations Unlimited

**By Al Frantz**

**E**VERY American has two homes—the State in which he was born and New England, that tiny corner of the continent, which cradled our first national ideals and so much of our early history. To miss seeing New England—the storied streets of Boston, the Minute Man at Concord, the jagged coast of Maine, the Old Man of the Mountain in New Hampshire, the apple or-

chards rolling over the Green Mountains of Vermont—is to miss something of the American heritage.

Fortunately, no one need miss these things. New England is one of the most accessible of all resort areas, by rail, plane, bus or private automobile. It remains unspoiled and at the same time its hotels, camps and tourist homes offer accommodations to suit the most di-

verse travel tastes. Many of them operated only on a limited basis during the war, but this summer the welcome sign will again swing from their doors, for the New England States are preparing once more for record numbers of visitors.

Boston has always been the hub of New England. It's a strange old town, as different from the pattern of average American cities as Boston cod is from Colorado trout. Its key is the Common, those grassy acres on which the Pilgrims long ago pastured their cows. And its streets too often follow the meandering paths which those same cows beat between Common and distant barn. Even old-time residents of the city have been known to get lost in this amiable maze and wind up nearer the North Station than the South, for which they were bound.

Above all, Boston is the city of the American Revolution. Visit the Old State House and among its displays  
*(Continued on page 44)*





## “So that’s why they gave up the chase”

AND who, we ask, *wouldn’t* prefer to catch up with a gloriously smooth Calvert highball?

Calvert’s a prize definitely worth bag-

ging. It’s *the real thing*...so mellow and rich it just can’t be imitated!

You see, we’ve blended more fine whiskey in our time than any other distiller

in America. And that experience *counts*!

So for the grandest highball *you’ve* ever tasted, make it with Calvert.

. . . . . **It’s the real thing!**

*Clear Heads Choose* **Calvert**



Calvert Distillers Corp., N.Y.C. BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof. “Reserve”—65% Grain Neutral Spirits...“Special”—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits



"Here's O'Hara", you  
guessed it, is by John  
O'Hara.



# What America Is Reading

By Nina Bourne

**How to tell the Groton Boys from  
the Boys in the Back Room**

O'Hara, Holding, Thirkell, &  
Heyer present a few choice  
specimens of Social Men, some  
pickled in alcohol.

HERE'S O'HARA by John O'Hara.  
Duell, Sloan & Pearce. \$3.00

The English novelists have it easy. You stop a British subject on the street and ask him the way to Buckingham Palace. You listen to his first three vowels and you've got his number: *Profession? Army officer, retired. Served where? India. School? Sandhurst. Lives? With spinster daughter in a village near Torquay on £500 a year. Votes? Tory of course.* Sherlock Holmes used to amaze innocents with this sort of trick. Elementary, my dear Watson: on the streets of London walk millions of characters, all neatly labeled as to background, profession, income, waiting for some writer to pick them up and drop them gently, as is, into a novel.

In America it's tougher. We've no "classes". Which means that there are an infinite number of social gradations between Judy O'Grady and a Cabot lady. And it gets twice as complicated if you try to work out the social ladder from Mr. O'Grady at the bottom bar to Mr. Cabot at the bar of the Harvard Club. It's practically impossible. But there is one man who can do it: John O'Hara.

Give John O'Hara twenty seconds in a room with three men in Brooks Brothers suits and he'll tell you which of them bought his suit on a charge account started by his grandfather; which paid for his with Super-Productions, Inc., cash (\$1000 a week for a script that will glorify a \$10,000-a-week ex-brunette, ex-carhop from Tiny Falls, Okla.), and which got his as a handout from the Salvation Army—or as a birthday present from an obliging divorcee. O'Hara knows the coloration and habits of all the animals in the American Zoo (with the possible exception of a few exhibits from the Faulkner swamps or the Steinbeck Tortilla-flatlands which have not yet come to his attention).

For anybody who regards people as the greatest show on earth, O'Hara is a fair treat. And as good an introduction as any to his works is the new anthology, *Here's O'Hara* which rounds up 34 short stories (from his previous books) and two full-length novels: *Butterfield 8* and *Hope of Heaven*.

*Here's O'Hara* introduces you to a raft of characters so varied that a Gallup Pollster could interview them and get a pretty good idea of the outcome of the next election: there are debts and hustlers, the country-club crowd and a Mr. Garfin whose life ambition is to get into a certain poker game in the East Bronx. There are fourteen entertaining (and frightening) incidents from the life of that shrewd, naïve, engagingly vicious crooner-on-the-make, Pal

(Continued on page 56)



# Editorial

## HARMONY



THE messages of Grand Exalted Ruler Wade Kepner, delivered each month through *The Elks Magazine*, show a keen insight into the workings of the lodges and a sympathetic understanding of their problems.

In the February issue he has some very pertinent things to say about the harmony that should exist between lodge officers if its affairs are to be carried on with success.

This message should be read and digested by the officers and committeemen of all lodges, particularly those where contests in the recent elections may have left a few scars.

Every member has the right to run for office, but only one can win, and the loser must accept the will of the majority. Taking home his bat and ball and refusing to go on with the game hurts nobody but the disgruntled loser.

As to differences on questions of authority that arise from time to time, the by-laws of the lodge and the statutes of the Grand Lodge set forth plainly the duties and responsibilities of all officers and committees. The Exalted Ruler who insists that the law be followed cannot go wrong.



**Charity**

## FLAG DAY



FLAG DAY, the Elks' celebration of the anniversary of the birth of our country's Flag, is distinctly an institution of the Order.

Born on American soil, and founded upon the principles of freedom and justice, symbolized by our Flag, it is fitting indeed that the Order of Elks should be the first fraternity to make the anniversary of its birth a day of nationwide celebration.

Each year the lodges of the Order invite the people of their respective communities to gather with their members and pay tribute to the banner which is first on our altars as Elks, and first in our hearts as Americans.

Flag Day is an impressive and significant celebration. Its lessons are not for Elks alone but for all people who believe in America, and its mission is to give annual public expression to the patriotic principles which govern the Order of Elks every day in the year.

Our country's Flag was born on June 14th, 1777. It has flown gloriously and victoriously through every phase of our country's progress, in peace and in war. In this year of 1946, the people of America will pay tribute to a Flag that has again passed through the fiery furnace of war to be reconsecrated by blood and sacrifice; a Flag to which the stricken and oppressed throughout the world are looking for leadership into paths of peace.

The Elks' celebration of Flag Day in this crucial year of world history must be a demonstration of renewed loyalty to our Flag and all it represents. A record attendance at services throughout the Order should mark the day, and Elks everywhere should regard the ceremony as one they are bound by obligations of loyalty and brotherhood to attend.



**Justice**



Responsibility for a fitting presentation of the inspiring and beautiful Flag Day Ritual rests with the officers of the lodge. The parts assigned them are neither long nor difficult, but the ritual sounds the keynote of the celebration, and the success of the entire ceremony depends in a large measure upon the manner of its presentation.

Flag Day is a day in which the collective voice of Elkdom rises in renewal of its pledge of loyalty and in expressions of continued faith in the future of our country.

On this first Flag Day since Victory, the guns of conflict are silent and the shadow of war has been lifted from our American homes, but the world has not yet found peace. Tides of hatred, suspicion and unrest are swirling and eddying about the wreckage of war, and never in our history was there a greater need for public expression of steadfast faith in the principles upon which our country has grown strong and great.

Every Elk is urged to give his full measure of cooperation in making the Flag Day service on June 14th a real demonstration of affection for our Flag and a tribute to the Elks who have so recently given their lives to vindicate its principles.

### TO THE WOMEN



THE beautiful month of May, the month of "Mother", is a fitting time to pay tribute, brief and inadequate as this may be, to the mothers, wives, daughters, sisters and sweet-hearts who for four long years carried on the Elks Fraternal Centers.

Throughout the Order these Centers have been operated by the women relatives of Elks. All were volunteers, but they took over the multiple tasks incident to the operation with

the skill of professional workers, and a devotion that money could not buy.

To the Hostesses of the Centers, Senior and Junior, the Order is deeply indebted. Had it not been for the Senior's supervision of kitchens and dining rooms at times when help was impossible to obtain, the Centers could not have been maintained. The Juniors, friendly, charming girls, provided entertainment that brought comfort to the heart of many a lonely, homesick boy.

It was the women, volunteer hostesses, who gave to the Fraternal Centers an atmosphere that made the boys and girls of the service feel that they were with friends, and sent many a boy on his way to the great adventure happier for their friendly ministrations.

For the unselfish, willing and efficient service rendered by the women of the Elks Fraternal Centers, the Order is deeply grateful.

### VICTORY AND FOOD



URING the month of May a major effort will be made to supplement the subsistence diet planned by UNRRA, for the starving peoples of countries overseas by a "Victory Food Collection". Civic, fraternal, church, community and social groups everywhere are urged to lend their cooperation to this worthy cause. The food will be distributed in the places where the need is greatest, regardless of race or creed. The destructive forces of war, and a drought, the worst in twenty-five years, have combined to bring food production far below pre-war levels, and the shadow of famine hangs over Europe and Asia. The great heart of America will surely respond.



**Brotherly Love**



**Fidelity**





## Under the ANTLERS



*Above: The American Flag which flew for four years and two days in Norwich, Conn., Lodge's Fraternal Center is taken down at formal ceremonies closing the Center Feb. 26th. Wm. T. Phillips, representing the Elks War Commission, stands second from right.*



*Left: Elk officials are shown with patients of the Kennedy General Hospital in Memphis when the Elks Kennedy Hospital Fund Committee of the Tennessee State Elks Assn. delivered 23 new radios to make life more amusing for the boys there.*





*Above: Members of the Draft Board for five N.D. counties who received a medal in recognition of their two years' service from Gov. Fred Aandahl, standing center, at a banquet arranged by the War Commission of Mandan, N.D., Lodge.*

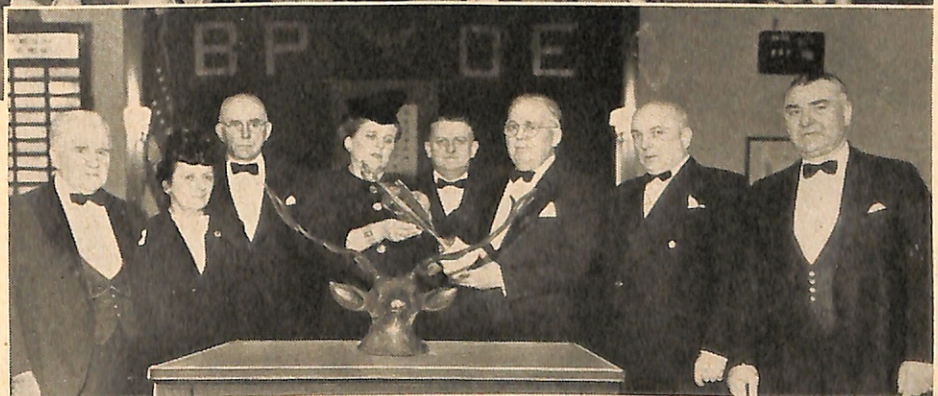
*Right: Patients from the Keesler Field Hospital who were entertained by Pascagoula, Miss., Lodge recently.*

*Below: A photograph taken at the dinner-dance held for Halloran General Hospital patients by Weehawken, N. J., Lodge.*



*Right: Leaders of the Auburn Park Red Cross Unit which had been housed in the home of Chicago (South), Ill., Lodge, present a cup to the lodge in appreciation.*

*Below: Convalescents at Veterans Hospital enjoy entertainment provided for them by Columbia, S.C., Lodge.*







*Above: Members of Appleton, Wis., Lodge who have been Elks for over 25 years, photographed on P.E.R.'s and Old Timers' Night.*

## NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES THROUGHOUT THE NATION

**CONNERSVILLE, IND.,** Lodge, No. 379, honored its Past Exalted Rulers recently, presenting them with honorary life memberships.

Out-of-town guests included State Pres. L. E. Yoder, State Secy. C. L. Shideler, D.D. L. A. Krebs and many other well-known Indiana Elks. The Terre Haute visitors composed an octet from the Indiana Elks Chanters and entertained the crowd.

A special program and a dinner for the P.E.R.'s, officers, Trustees and out-of-town guests took place at the Country Club before the meeting and after the session a lunch was served to 150.

**NEVADA, MO.,** Lodge, No. 564, recently served a pheasant dinner to 115 members and guests. At the meeting which followed, donations were made to American Legion, which, together with other lodge funds, enabled the Nevada Elks to send \$100 to disabled veterans.

**IOLA, KANS.,** Lodge, No. 569, is really going up in a big way.

Seventeen candidates were initiated early in February, putting the membership list well over the 200 mark, which is more than double what it was in the early 1930s. More than \$1,000 has been spent during the past year to make the lodge quarters more inviting and serviceable.

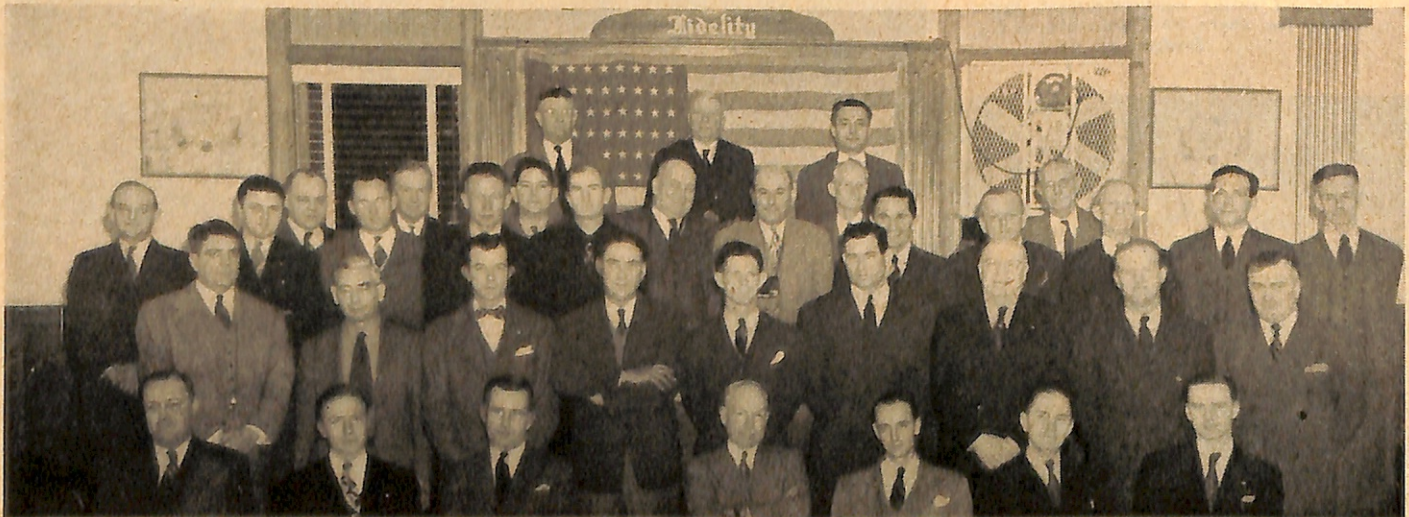
**APOLLO, PA.,** Lodge, No. 386, saw to it that 50 of its Old Timers had a high time in March. A banquet, served by the Ladies Auxiliary, and a floor show were the main events on a program attended by 350 members. Secy. Wm. Mack Guthrie was Toastmaster.

*Below are the members of the largest class ever initiated into Tyler, Tex., Lodge.*

**WILLISTON, N. D.,** Lodge, No. 1214, has a bunch of golfing members who really looked ahead to assure themselves of a good time this summer. At a cost of \$5,900, the lodge recently purchased the Williston Golf and Country Club of 160 acres, which includes buildings and a nine-hole course. The Williston Elks are the first in the State to own their own links and have named a committee to decide on improvements and membership dues.

**CHICAGO (SOUTH), ILL.,** Lodge, No. 1596, saw to it that the ladies of the Auburn Park Unit of the Red Cross—all 150 of them—had a place in which to do their vital work during the war. The Unit was quartered in the home of No. 1596, whose members supplied everything needed, including electrical machines.

The Unit closed up shop recently and in gratitude for the cooperation received from these Chicago Elks Mrs. Albert E. Lewis, Chairwoman of the organization, and Co-Chairwoman Mrs. Lewis Cook presented a burnished copper loving cup to E.R. John T. Rush who accepted it on behalf of the lodge, with the assurance that the Unit was welcome to the use of the hall any time at all.







**DES MOINES, IA.,** Lodge, No. 98, lost one of its most active members when Chaplain Harry N. Moetzel, P.E.R., died March 9th at the age of 60.

Mr. Moetzel was District Deputy for Ia., Southeast in 1926-27 and had been editor of *The Ninety-Eighter*, No. 98's official publication, for 15 years. He served as President of the Iowa State Elks Assn. in 1941.

A life resident of Des Moines, Mr. Moetzel was Chairman of the city's Civil Service Commission and was a past president of the Des Moines War Dads.

Funeral services from St. John's Catholic Church were attended by hundreds of Elks, among them being Clyde E. Jones, a member of the Grand Forum; State Pres. C. L. Mattice, and State Treas. A. P. Lee.

Mr. Moetzel is survived by his mother, his widow, and one son.

*Above is a photograph taken at the institution of Milton, Mass., Lodge.*

**DOVER, N. H.,** Lodge, No. 184, sets aside a night each year to honor the men who are its Past Exalted Rulers. At this year's celebration, held at the Masonic Temple, a large class was initiated, including Lt. Robert H. Foster, the third generation of his family to join the Order, receiving the Degree from his father, E.R. Fred Foster. P.D.D.'s J. Levi Meader, Past Grand Tiler, and Carlton A. Newton spoke, after which the crowd trooped over to the lodge home to sink their teeth into a delicious dinner. Oliver J. Veilleux brought the day's activities to a close by enthralling his fellow members with feats of magic.

**GLOUCESTER, MASS.,** Lodge, No. 892, enjoyed a real red-letter day Feb. 10 when service pins were given to 176 members who have belonged to the Order from 20 to 40 years. Twenty-seven candidates were initiated and a P.E.R.'s Club was formed with 19 of the lodge's former leaders in attendance.

About 300 Elks turned out for the ceremonies and the delicious banquet of baked ham served later. Vaudeville, featuring top-flight performers, topped off the evening's entertainment.

A surprise feature came when P.E.R. J. S. Thompson presented the Elks War Commission's certificate to Roy L. Parsons, editor of the *Gloucester Times*, for all he has done to promote the Commission's programs. D.D. Henry I. Yale spoke.

**WEEHAWKEN, N. J.,** Lodge, No. 1456, held a dinner and dance Feb. 18th which did a lot to help the morale of a group of 30 veterans. These boys came from Halloran General Hospital to spend the evening at No. 1456, and stayed to enjoy dancing and a two-hour floor show which was made possible through the assistance of Chairman W. C. McCormack of the New Jersey State Rehabilitation Committee.

*Right: Standing third from right among the lodge officers and Trustees, D.D. J. P. Breckel accepts Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge's check for \$1,000 on its subscription to the Elks National Foundation.*

*Below: Hibbing, Minn., Lodge officers, who initiated a class for their hosts, are pictured with the Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge officers.*







**ST. LOUIS, MO.,** Lodge, No. 9, in a very short time has initiated almost 200 candidates. The largest group, the Victory Class, consisted of more than 60 men.

No. 9's Bowling League has been terrifically busy this past season, with 14 teams competing in the men's league and six in the women's league.

**TYLER, TEX.,** Lodge, No. 215, is an up-and-coming branch of the organization. Within the past year 125 men have joined No. 215, bringing the membership rolls to 400, an increase of 55% over that of last year. The last group of 27 initiates was the largest in Tyler Lodge's history, and 37 more are awaiting initiation at this time.

There isn't a delinquent member on the books and attendance at regular lodge sessions has jumped enormously—from an average of 20 a meeting to between 80 and 125. E.R. M. V. Cadman's habit of serving a free feed before each meeting may have something to do with that.

Over \$3,000 was given to charity last year, and No. 215 now owns \$44,400 in Government Bonds, \$15,000 in building and loan stock, and, together with other assets, has a total asset value of \$89,860, which isn't to be sneezed at.

E.R. Cadman led the way in promoting the first annual Tyler Elks Club Charity Horse Show, netting \$1,946.65 for the Elks Crippled Children's Hospital at Ottine, which will be the recipient of all profits from the second Horse Show.

**IND. ELKS GOLF ASSN.** A group of Elks gathered at the home of Fort

*Above are Mansfield, Ohio, Lodge's officers with a class of 43 candidates.*

Wayne, Ind., Lodge, No. 155, March 10th and organized the Indiana Elks Golf Assn. The altruistic motive which prompted this step was the desire to create good will and better sportsmanship among the Indiana lodges and to sponsor an annual golf tournament.

Officers were elected as follows: Pres., Klee Lackey, Fort Wayne; Vice-Pres., M. M. Goodnight, Lafayette; Secy., J. B. Ogden, Lebanon, and Treas. Ray W. Bauer, Ft. Wayne. A Board of Governors was elected and both the Board and the officers will serve until the first annual election when another Board of nine men, no more than two from any one lodge, will be elected by authorized delegates. This Board in turn will elect, from their own ranks, the officers for one year and also have the right to take action on invitations for tournaments and any other business.

Rules governing tournaments were decided upon and the dues for each lodge will amount to \$25 a year for a lodge with a membership of 500 or less, \$35 for 900 or less, and \$50 for over 900. It was also decided that the first annual tournament shall be held at the Fort Wayne Elks Country Club on Aug. 10th and 11th, with all entries postmarked at least three weeks prior to the opening date and accompanied by a check in the

*Below is a photograph taken at the huge banquet held by Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge to celebrate the burning of the mortgage on its home.*

full amount of the \$5.00 entry fee which includes green fee and banquet costs.

Mr. Lackey appointed both a Rules Committee and a Prize Committee at this meeting.

**NORWICH, CONN.,** Lodge, No. 430, closed its Fraternal Center with fitting ceremonies on Feb. 26th, after four years and two days of continuous operation.

Following a buffet supper, there was a period of dancing. Then P.D.D. James V. Pedace, Director of the Center, who deserves most of the credit for its success, introduced Rev. Andrew J. Cooney of St. Mary's Church who said a few words to the crowd before "Taps" was sounded and the Colors lowered to half-staff in memory of the boys who had left the Center to give their lives on foreign soil. Mr. Pedace thanked the hostesses who in turn accepted the gift made to them by E.R. Thomas Dorsey on behalf of No. 430.

William T. Phillips of New York Lodge No. 1, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, representing the Elks War Commission, was guest of honor and praised the Norwich Elks for all they'd done during the war years. Dancing was enjoyed until 11:30 when the Flag was lowered and the guests sang the National Anthem.

**LINCOLN, NEB.,** Lodge, No. 80, enjoyed a visit from Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, Dixon, Ill., recently when a large class was initiated.

Mr. Warner addressed the members and on behalf of No. 80 presented a diamond-studded P.E.R. lapel pin to each Past Exalted Ruler present.





**JEFFERSON CITY, MO.,** Lodge, No. 513, can stick out its chest with understandable pride. It now boasts a membership of more than 400 and no longer has a mortgage on its home to worry about, having celebrated the burning of it recently with a turkey dinner and a dance.

Several initiations have been held in the past months and there is every indication that the membership will pass the 500 mark this year.

**PASCAGOULA, MISS.,** Lodge, No. 1120, took a man-sized task on its shoulders recently and did a marvelous job of entertaining a group of 25 patients from the Keesler Field Hospital. The servicemen arrived at the lodge home at 11 a.m. and were taken on a tour of the town in private cars.

A fried chicken dinner, with lots of appetizing accessories, was served in the dining room of the lodge home and throughout the afternoon the boys were amused with games and dancing. They relaxed during the evening hours by listening to piano selections and some of Secy. A. F. Megehee's tall tales.

**PHOENIX, ARIZ.,** Lodge, No. 335, killed two birds with one stone on Jan. 31st by celebrating its Fiftieth Anniversary and honoring members of 25 or more years' continuous affiliation with the Order at a well-attended dinner.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, Los Angeles, Calif., was the guest of honor and principal speaker. He also presented service pins to those members who were entitled to them. P.E.R. Victor E. Hanney of Tucson Lodge No. 385, who has the peculiar distinction of being a charter member of both No. 335 and No. 385, was also present.

*Right: E.R. Walter Maroske, left, touches the match to the mortgage on the home of Milford, Conn., Lodge, as P.E.R. A. E. Crowther holds it.*

*Below are some of those who attended Lansing, Mich., Lodge's Father and Son Banquet. Secretary of State Herman H. Dignan addressed the crowd.*

**SANTA ANA, CALIF.,** Lodge, No. 794, proves there is something new under the sun. A "100-year-club" was organized at the lodge's regular meeting Feb. 26th with membership limited to three-generation members. To elucidate, a combined total of 100 years of Elk membership by each family group is the club's goal.

This unique little organization got its start with seven members: the Preble family which consists of Charter Member George E. Preble, his son and his two grandsons who have a combined total of 77 years in Elkdom; the Jeromes, P.D.D. William C., his son, P.E.R. Donald Jerome, Past State Vice-Pres., and his grandson who was initiated that evening along with eight other young men. The Jeromes have a total of 58 Elk years.

**EXCELSIOR SPRINGS, MO.,** Lodge, No. 1001, is enjoying good health. It has steadily increased its membership and has a full program of activities planned for 1946.

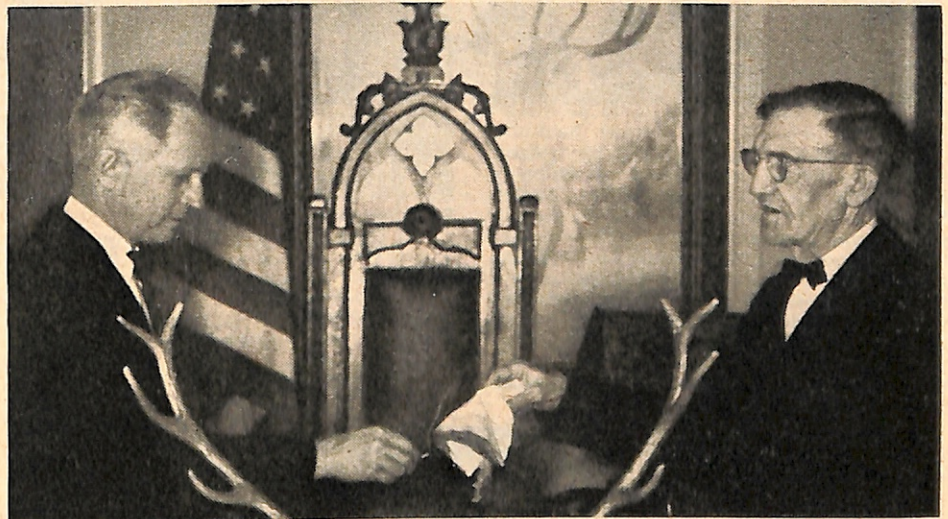
Its annual 'Possum Supper, a happy affair, was held not long ago with a good turnout of about 125, including Elks' sons who had returned from the wars.

**ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.,** Lodge, No. 461, entertained the University of New Mexico championship football team at dinner recently.

Sixty guests from the University and 400 Albuquerque Elks enjoyed the delicious meal at which Hon. Bryan G. Johnson, No. 461, was Toastmaster. Music was furnished by Nato Hernandez and films of the game held at the Sun Bowl on New Year's Day at which the New Mexico Team played and came out on top, were shown later.

**TUCUMCARI, N. M.,** Lodge, No. 1172, jumped at the chance to help its community recently by putting out \$1,750 for an Iron Lung. It seems that whenever anyone around town needed the use of a Lung they had to travel as far as Hot Springs, some 200 miles away, for it. The Tucumcari Elks thought this was a fine state of affairs, got in touch with the Iron Lung Company of America and made their purchase.

The Lung was placed in the General Hospital with the understanding that no charge be made for its use. The Hospital is city-owned and the Lung, which is the only artificial respiration device within a radius of 125 miles, will remain the property of No. 1172.







*Above: Old Timers Night at Jersey City, N.J., Lodge when 25-year members were honored. Former Gov. A. Harry Moore, P.E.R., is seated seventh from right, Congressman E.J. Hart third from right.*



*Left: Officers of New Albany, Ind., Lodge with the members of the 78th Anniversary Class.*

PENNSYLVANIA LODGES have seen a lot of activity lately, much of which is due to the visits of State Pres. Dr. Charles V. Hogan, Pottsville. Dr. Hogan had a great many State Elk officials in his retinue, including Chairman Lee A. Donaldson of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials. Several of the dignitaries were accompanied by their wives.

The party visited the following lodges: Apollo, New Kensington, Wilksburg, Carnegie, Canonsburg, Washington,

Waynesburg, Brownsville, Charleroi, Monessen, Donora, Monongahela, McKeesport, Homestead, Braddock, Etna, Pittsburgh and Allegheny.

Mt. Carmel Lodge No. 356 on Jan. 17 had a turn-out of more than 350 to witness the initiation of Major General Jimmy Gavin, Commander of the famous 82nd Airborne Division, who returned to his home after he and his men took New York by storm.

On the same day more than 300 Elks

from 16 lodges got together at Hazleton Lodge No. 200 for a testimonial dinner to State Pres. Hogan who called the meeting an official Eastern Pennsylvania Midwinter Conference and called upon several State Chairmen who gave reports of the activities of their respective committees. At this meeting E.R. Victor C. Diehm presented a gift to Dr. Hogan who also received a check for \$650 in full payment of No. 200's pledge to the Elks National Foundation. Past State Pres. Scott E. Drum gave Dr. Hogan his personal \$1,000 check for an Honorary Founder's Certificate in memory of his wife. This meeting was so successful that Dr. Hogan plans a similar gathering in the western part of the State.

Hazleton Lodge entertained more than 300 Elks and their ladies at the Northeast District Meeting, presided over by District Pres. Frank S. LaBar. Officers were nominated for election at the May meeting at Lehigh and Tamaqua Lodge No. 592 won the Ritualistic Contest held that day.

Lebanon Lodge No. 631 held a three-day celebration of its 45th Anniversary when Elks from all over Pennsylvania came to help them have a good time.

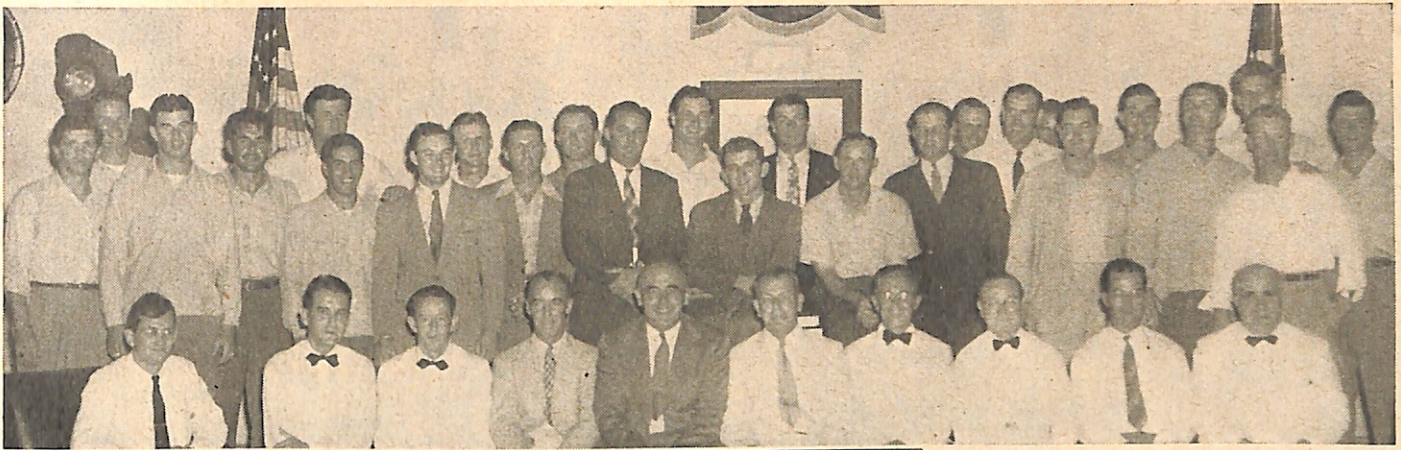


*Left: Waterville, Me., Lodge's officers get rid of the mortgage on the lodge home.*

*Below are dignitaries of Saginaw, Mich., Lodge with the members of the 78th Anniversary Class.*







*Above: The N. Y. Yankees paid a visit to Panama Canal Zone [Balboa], C.Z., Lodge recently and had such a good time they plan to return.*



*Left: Some of the veteran members of McKeesport, Pa., Lodge who were honored at a banquet recently talk over old times.*

**SAYRE, PA.,** Lodge, No. 1148, has taken the reins in many a recent civic activity. A check in the sum of \$25,000 was presented to President L. B. Sheddon of the Valley Swimming Pool Fund, a member of Sayre Lodge, as No. 1148's contribution to this memorial to the war dead, and during the Victory Loan Drive the lodge purchased a \$10,000 Bond.

E.R. Daniel J. Lucy is personally doing a lot to keep the Order going, since he made his two sons members of Sayre Lodge not long ago.

**MANSFIELD, OHIO,** Lodge, No. 56, is getting along nicely these days. Since the recent initiation of 43 candidates, the membership rolls list 728 names.

During the past year \$8,500 has been spent wisely in making major improvements on the lodge home, with all expenditures made under the watchful eye of an alert Board of Trustees.

**Notice Regarding  
Applications for Residence  
At Elks National Home**

The Board of Grand Trustees reports that there are several rooms at the Elks National Home awaiting applications from members qualified for admission. Applications will be considered in the order in which received.

For full information, write Robert A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Va.

*Below: Distinguished members of Newport, Ky., Lodge photographed at the lodge's celebration of the Order's Anniversary.*

**ALAMEDA, CALIF.,** Lodge, No. 1015, celebrated its 40th Anniversary in January with a terrific show called the "Mammoth Military Minstrels". Seven hundred members left the hall with tender palms after applauding the five great acts almost continuously. Many of the performers—all Elks—came great distances to make the program something which won't be forgotten in a hurry.

P.E.R. H. D. Maynard and Max Dill, who were chiefly responsible for getting the show on the boards, really put the thing over. Not a seat was empty and the SRO sign was put in position early in the evening.

**NEWPORT, KY.,** Lodge, No. 273, made the 78th Anniversary of the Order a day to remember. One of the largest classes in the history of No. 273 was initiated by the Ritualistic Team of Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge, No. 5, which had the full cooperation of the second degree team of Covington, Ky., Lodge, No. 314.

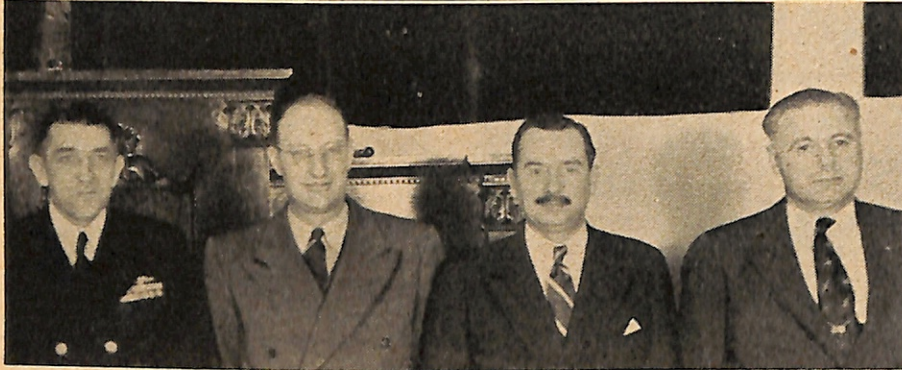
Cincinnati Lodge's prize-winning quartet performed nobly during the ceremonies and a special program of social activities followed, including a turkey and baked ham dinner and lots of good entertainment.







Above: With the officers of Minot, N. D., Lodge are the 47 Elks who were initiated Washington's Birthday.



Left: When Albuquerque, N. M., Lodge entertained the University of N. M. championship football team, Capt. Joel Newsom, CO, Naval ROTC unit at the University; E.R. C. E. Jones; Dr. J. P. Wernette, Pres. of the University, and Toastmaster B. G. Johnson were photographed.

**RENOVO, PA.,** Lodge, No. 334, began its Golden Jubilee celebration Feb. 20th with a banquet and floor show which left nothing to be desired. Attended by approximately 300 members, the dinner had Mayor Leo C. Williamson and Chairman Howard R. Davis of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee as chief speakers.

The following evening a banquet and floor show for the ladies took place, with dancing beginning at ten p.m. On Feb. 23rd the Golden Anniversary Dance climaxed the very successful celebration.

**WAPAKONETA, OHIO,** Lodge, No. 1170, celebrated Washington's Birthday this year with a program which was in charge of E.R. Walter R. Bowsher. A class of 24 candidates—four of them the Rhoades brothers—was initiated after 325 Elks enjoyed a turkey dinner in the dining hall of the lodge home.

**BOISE, IDA.,** Lodge, No. 310, gave a party honoring their 20-year members. Four hundred attended, making it the largest gathering the lodge has seen in ages. A reception was held, and a buffet dinner and a concert given by No. 310's Pep Band took up the rest of the evening.

William Galloway was M.C. and James Hawley, son of the late Gov. James H. Hawley, a charter member of Boise Lodge, gave the chief address. Three charter members were present, besides Frank D'Amant who recently dimitted to Boise Lodge from Astoria, Ore., where he joined the Order 54 years ago.

Boise Lodge is 50 years old, and has increased its membership to over 1,800. It has assets of more than \$300,000 and absolutely not one liability.

Below are 24 new Wapakoneta, Ohio, Elks with the lodge officers.

**McKEESPORT, PA.,** Lodge, No. 136, came across Feb. 26th with 80 candidates as its share in the fulfillment of the membership campaign Pennsylvania lodges are holding in honor of Past State Pres. F. J. Schrader, Assistant to the Grand Secretary, of Allegheny Lodge. More than 300 persons attended the ceremonies, with Chairman Lee A. Donaldson of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials pinching Mr. Schrader in addressing the gathering and making a good job of it. Mayor Charles A. Kinkaid was one of the class.

On Feb. 21st McKeesport Lodge gathered together about 350 members to make a to-do over their Old Timers. P.E.R. Dr. G. P. Gamble was Toastmaster at the affair which found a great many celebrities in the crowd, Mayor Kinkaid and Senator W. D. Mansfield, a member of No. 136, among them.

Leonard M. Lippert, formerly of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council, gave the traditional Eleven O'Clock Toast and Dr. Gamble had the pleasure of introducing the honored guests. A musical program rounded out the evening.





Just the *kiss*  
of the hops... *not the harsh*  
*bitterness*



Copyright, 1940, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

**THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS**





Above are those present at Jacksonville, Ill., Lodge's dinner in honor of the P.E.R.'s.



Left are the well-satisfied Union City, N. J., Elks who made up the committee in charge of the lodge's successful Beefsteak Dinner.

**DANVILLE, ILL.,** Lodge, No. 332, really went to town when it celebrated its 50th Anniversary in a colossal five-day blow-out beginning Feb. 5th.

Festivities began with registration of members, each of whom received a souvenir badge. Nearly 900 were distributed, about 800 of them to members of No. 332. Beginning at noon free refreshments and entertainment were available in The Corral—the tap and recreation rooms in the basement of the lodge home. On Wednesday, after dinner, the Jubilee Class of 95 candidates, over 70 of them ex-servicemen, was initiated, making the membership list add up to more than 1100.

Thursday featured a banquet in honor of the six charter members at the Wolford Hotel, which was necessarily limited to 400 guests. Several charter members spoke and gold life membership cards

were given to each. Entertainment followed.

Friday was Ladies' Day. An elaborate luncheon at the Wolford, attended by over 300, preceded card games and musical entertainment. At eight that evening the Elks and their ladies were regaled for two solid hours at a vaudeville show.

Saturday was the real big day, when Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner showed up to star at the banquet at the State Armory, attended by about 1,000.

Rev. Edson P. Sheppard, rector of Holy Trinity Church, gave the Invocation, with P.D.D. John L. Supple, General Jubilee Chairman, acting as Master of Ceremonies. E.R. V. C. Zanin welcomed the crowd, after which charter members, P.E.R.'s, officers, committees and guests were introduced, including Mayor Don H. Wilson, former Mayor Frank P. Meyer

and several others. Wm. W. Downey, executive assistant to Lt. Gov. Hugh W. Cross, was introduced and then Mr. Cross addressed the audience in Gov. Green's absence. Also introduced was Past State Pres. W. J. Grant, oldest living P.E.R. and a member of the Ill. State Crippled Children's Commission, to whom the Golden Jubilee Souvenir Book was dedicated, who spoke.

Other speakers were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, Dixon, and State Pres. Dr. M. M. Archer, Rock Island, who accompanied the Grand Exalted Ruler to Danville; State Treas. Fred P. Hill, and Albert W. Arnold, a former member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee.

Then Mr. Kepner spoke, followed by an hour of the finest musical entertainment. The Jubilee's wind-up was the Ball which took place in the lodge home in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler.

**PORT HURON, MICH.,** Lodge, No. 343, gave 3200 members of the Order a big time at a three-day celebration of its Fiftieth Anniversary recently.

In No. 343's fifty years of existence \$150,000 has been donated to charity and community welfare, as well as a great deal of effort and money to the entertainment and assistance of men in the Armed Forces and the purchase of \$50,000 in Bonds. There were 168 Port Huron Elks in uniform during World War II.

The beautiful, three-story home is free of debt and has been the center of the city's social activities for many years.

Stag Day on Feb. 28th included music, a floor show, dinner and buffet supper; Open House on March 1st also had dancing, movies and refreshments on its program, and on March 2nd the Jubilee Ball was held with Jack Teagarden's orchestra furnishing the music. Dutch lunches, dinner and breakfast were served that day—with everything on the house.

Left is the lung purchased by Tucumcari, N.M., Lodge from the Iron Lung Company of America for the use of its community.







**OREGON STATE ELKS ASSN.** One hundred and fifty representatives from all but two of Oregon's lodges gathered at Corvallis Lodge No. 1413 for its mid-winter session Feb. 16th, dove into business and came up with a fine program to aid rehabilitation of war veterans, with particular emphasis on getting them places to live.

Most of the meeting was devoted to this vital question, with Medford Lodge No. 1168 advocating its own housing plan. No. 1168 is securing temporary housing for veterans, which at the end of several years can either be improved for permanent occupancy or removed. A committee was named to study the Medford plan as well as other suggestions, and it is expected that every lodge in the State will back whatever program the committee recommends.

The day-long sessions were climaxed by a full-course dinner served in the evening, followed by entertainment. The 1946 summer convention of the association will be held at Baker.

*Above is the class of new members which was initiated into Middle-town, Conn., Lodge on Past Exalted Rulers Night.*

**The State Associations Committee  
Reports the Following  
Convention Dates for 1946**

Association	City	Date
Alabama	Montgomery	May 17-18-19
Arizona	Tucson	May 23-25
California	Monterey	*
Georgia	Savannah	May 18-19-20
Illinois	Chicago	May 24-26
Kansas	(Stevens Hotel)	*
Maine	Pratt	May 18-20
Missouri	Biddeford	*
Montana	Sedalia	May (first week)
New Mexico	Missoula	*
Oklahoma	El Paso, Texas	May 4-5
Texas	Duncan	May 30-June 1
Vermont	San Antonio	*
West Virginia	St. Johnsbury	May 26-28
	Clarksburg	*Date not yet set

**NORWICH, N. Y.,** Lodge, No. 1222, suffered a severe loss, as did the rest of the community, when E.R. Walter E. Bellinger passed away March 1st at the age of 56.

Mr. Bellinger had been city editor of *The Norwich Sun* for 28 years and was well known throughout the vicinity for his genial personality and loyalty.

Before he became Exalted Ruler of No. 1222, Mr. Bellinger had served as Treasurer of the lodge for 14 years and as Secretary for seven years, during which time he never missed a lodge meeting.

Mr. Bellinger was a member of the Loyal Order of Moose and the Fraternal Order of Eagles, as well as the F. and A. M. He was also a member of the Lt. Warren E. Eaton DSC Post of the American Legion, having served as sergeant with the quartermaster corps in World War I.

Elk services were conducted by acting Exalted Ruler O. P. Jones, P.E.R. of Norwich Lodge, with a great many Elks in attendance. Funeral services were held March 4th, with five members of the lodge acting as pallbearers. Interment took place in the family plot at Mt. Hope Cemetery.

Besides his widow, Mr. Bellinger is survived by his stepdaughter.

*Left: When D.D. John Roszykiewicz paid his official visit to Little Falls, N. Y., Lodge five members of the Gregorka Family were initiated in his honor. E.R. Harry Hooks is shown third from left.*

*Below: Renovo, Pa., Lodge's Golden Jubilee Banquet which was attended by 300.*





# ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION



**BUY** a participating share in the great charitable and benevolent agency within our Order.

The Elks National Foundation does the fine and noble deeds which your own thoughts have suggested frequently but which you have never found time to perform.

You would help in these good works—

**Rehabilitating crippled children and aiding them to become useful citizens.**

**Providing hospitalization for tuberculosis patients.**

**Assisting the ambitious, well-qualified youth of America to obtain higher education.**

**Similar deeds in every field of benevolent endeavor.**

**ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION**  
of the  
**Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America**

**This is to Certify that**

Brother \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_ Lodge No. \_\_\_\_\_  
has become a *Participant* in all good works fostered by the  
**ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION** by virtue of his donation  
of **ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS** to the Foundation Fund.

ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION TRUSTEES.

DATED \_\_\_\_\_ By \_\_\_\_\_ CHAIRMAN

**THIS** certificate and the above-pictured bronze watch chain "sinker" will be issued to every member who donates \$100 to the Elks National Foundation.

It is the all-time agency for your good purposes—

**The fund is permanent.**

**The income is 100% available to foster charitable, benevolent and patriotic activities.**

**The Trustees receive no compensation.**

**The administrative expense is carried by the Grand Lodge.**

**The donation you make is deductible in Federal income and estate tax returns.**

## BUY A SHARE IN THE HEART OF ELKDOM

Buy now or come to the Grand Lodge Session prepared to make your donation and become a participant in all Elk philanthropies.

ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION TRUSTEES

John F. Malley, Chairman

16 Court Street, Boston 8, Mass.

## Charleroi, Pa., Lodge Presents Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters for Reelection

**THOSE** who attend the forthcoming Grand Lodge Convention in New York City will again hear the name of J. Edgar Masters of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494, presented to succeed himself as Grand Secretary.

A member of the Order of Elks for 43 years, Mr. Masters became Exalted Ruler of Charleroi Lodge in 1908. He was Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing

Committee in 1911, serving in later years on several other Grand Lodge Committees, including the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare. For three years he was Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, and was elected Grand Exalted Ruler in 1922. On expiration of his term of office until he became Grand Secretary, he was a member of the Elks National

Memorial Headquarters Commission.

Mr. Masters was Treasurer of Washington County, Pa., for four years and acted as President of the Southwestern Pennsylvania State Normal School Board.

Grand Secretary Masters has served the Order in his present capacity since 1927, performing his duties ably, willingly and well.

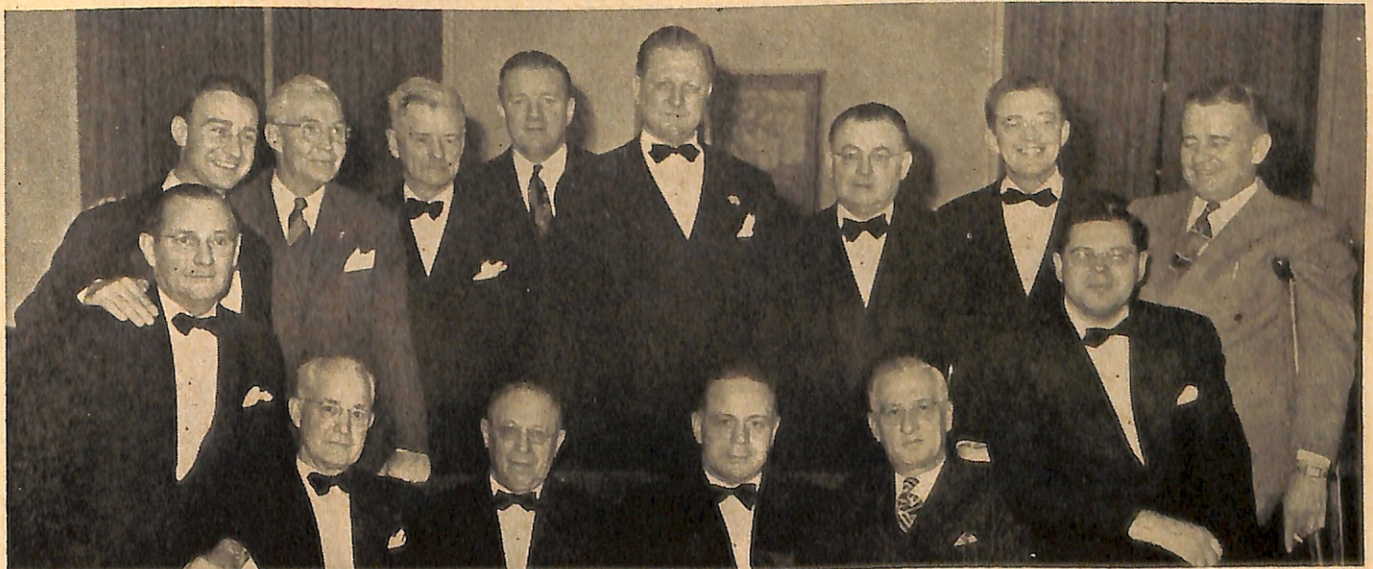




Above: On Feb. 27th President Harry S. Truman, a member of Kansas City, Mo., Lodge, received Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner, Mr. Kepner's secretary, Roy C. Heinlein, and U.S. Senator Chapman Revercomb a member of Charleston, W. Va., Lodge, at the White House. At this meeting Mr. Kepner pledged to the President the Order's continued support. Mr. Truman thanked the Order, through its leader, for its splendid work during the war.



Below: Mr. Kepner is shown with the Exalted Ruler and Past Exalted Rulers of Rockford, Ill., Lodge.







Above: The Mayor of Sycamore, Ill., hands the key to the city to Mr. Kepner in the presence of D.D. J. D. Ward and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner.

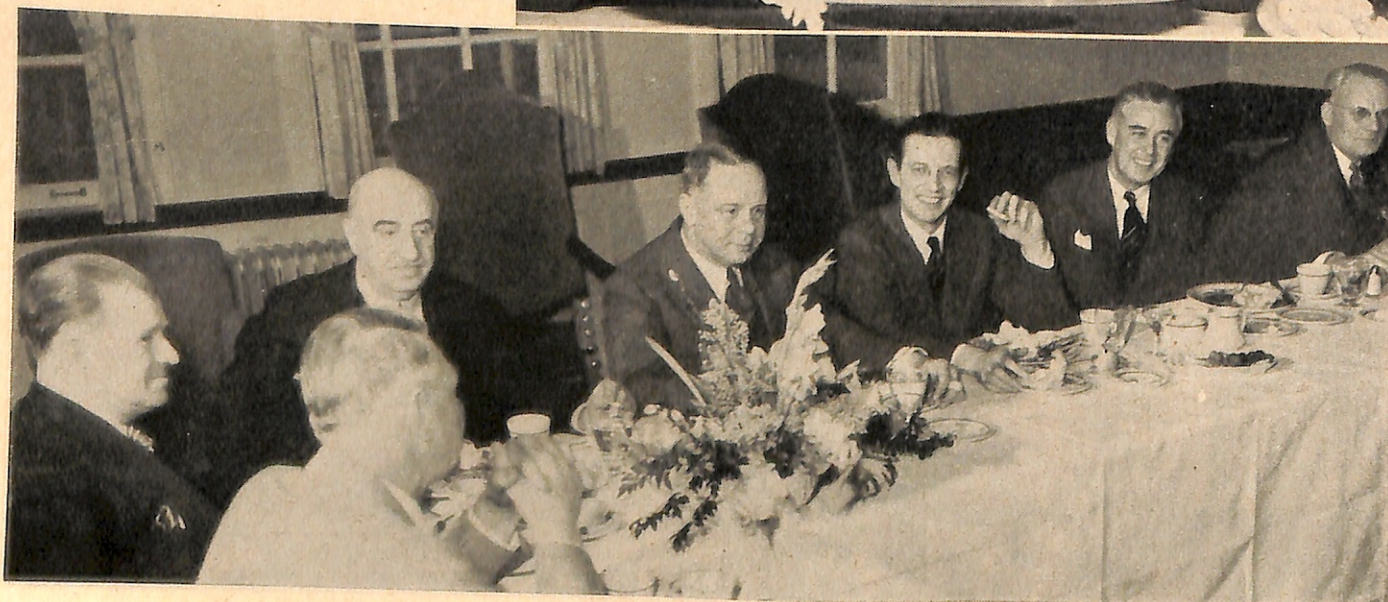


Left: The Grand Exalted Ruler, Captain Green, State Pres. Horace R. Wisely and State Chairman Lloyd C. Leedom of the California War Commission, pictured at the Corona Naval Hospital with materials and supplies presented to the Hospital by California Elks.

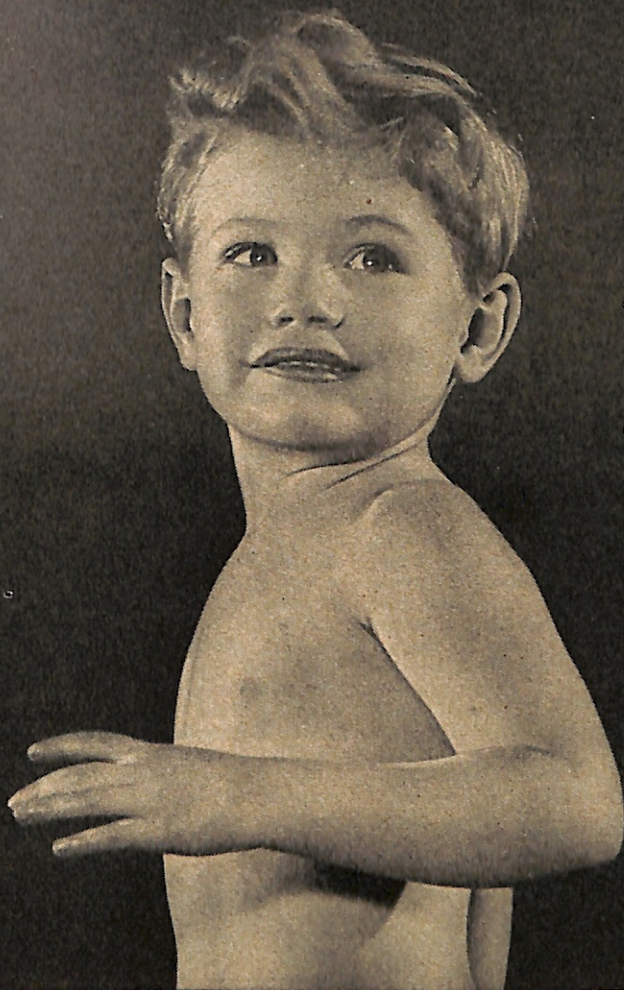
Right: Grand Exalted Ruler Kepner, right, seems to be enjoying himself with E.R. David J. Hanser at the dinner Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge gave him.



Below: Mr. Kepner is shown surrounded by Elk dignitaries at a luncheon given in his honor by the members of Kenosha, Wis., Lodge.







# No one is safe from Cancer



## ...IT RESPECTS NEITHER AGE NOR SEX

**I**F this child were yours...you would do anything to save him from cancer.

Cancer now ranks second as a cause of death in the United States: unless something is done about it, 17,000,000 American men, women and children now living will die of cancer.

That means that an average of one in every eight of us faces eventual death from this most dreaded of all diseases!

Cancer is no respecter of age or sex: more than 175,000 men, women and children will be its victims during 1946 in this country alone. While medical science has been winning victories over many diseases, deaths from cancer have been steadily increasing. Today more children between the ages of 5 and 20 die of cancer than die of the following

four diseases combined: Diphtheria, Infantile Paralysis, Scarlet Fever and Whooping Cough.

The great tragedy of this is that 30% to 50% of cancer deaths are needless. They could have been saved by early recognition of the symptoms of cancer and by early and proper treatment.

It is up to every one of us to help in the fight against cancer on three fronts:

1. To spread the knowledge that cancer is frequently curable if diagnosed in its earliest stages. 2. To provide the most modern facilities for the care and treatment of present cancer patients, and, 3. To launch a really comprehensive, nationwide cancer research program to find the basic cause and cure of cancer.

No one is safe from cancer. And

no sacrifice is too great to protect a loved one from it.

*GUARD THOSE YOU LOVE...  
GIVE TO CONQUER CANCER.*

The American Cancer Society, Inc.  
350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N.Y.

Sirs:

- ☐ I enclose \$..... as my gift to fight cancer.
- ☐ Please send me, without cost, information on the "danger signals" of cancer, to protect myself and my family.
- ☐ Please send me the name and address of the nearest cancer information center.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

ACS No. 2





*Above: Mr. Kepner is pictured seated, center, among Past Exalted Rulers of Santa Rosa, Calif., Lodge.*

**G**RAND Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner turned up on Feb. 17th in **MILTON, MASS.**, for the institution of the new lodge there whose number is 1686. A great many important personages were in the crowd of 600 and a complete report of the institution ceremonies appears elsewhere in this issue.

On Feb. 19th **PROVIDENCE R. I., LODGE, NO. 14**, welcomed the Grand Exalted Ruler and his suite when he arrived there late in the afternoon. After a reception at the Biltmore Hotel Mr. Kepner was a dinner guest at the lodge home where 400 Elks greeted him. An orchestra played during the evening and an oil painting of the Grand Exalted Ruler which hung in the Hall was presented to him later.

Gov. John O. Pastore, a member of No. 14, spoke and then the crowd retired to the lodge room where Grand Exalted Ruler Kepner delivered his address. E.R. Alfred B. Lingley presented a check for \$4,532.50 as the balance of his lodge's 100% contribution to the Elks War Commission Fund. Mr. Kepner also received a beautiful gold card case that evening. Although he had to leave at midnight

*Right: Wade H. Kepner, right, conferring with E.R. Vince Zanin during Danville, Ill., Lodge's Golden Jubilee Celebration.*

*Below is a photograph taken at the dinner held by Cumberland, Md., Lodge in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler.*

to return to Boston, the Order's leader stayed to enjoy one of the famous Rhode Island chicken pies and to see the first part of the stage show.

Besides his secretary, Roy C. Heinlein of Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge, Past Grand Exalted Rulers E. Mark Sullivan and John F. Malley accompanied Mr. Kepner from Boston to Providence, along with Grand Treasurer John F. Burke and Daniel J. Honan, Past Pres. of the Mass. State Elks Assn. A large number of past and present R. I. State Elks Association officials and Past District Deputies attended, including Chairman John E. Mullen of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, Federal Judge John P. Hartigan, Past Grand Est. Lead.

Knight, and Edward H. Powell, a former member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, all of Providence Lodge.

Earlier that day the members of **EVERETT, MASS., LODGE, NO. 642**, had entertained Mr. Kepner at a sumptuous breakfast typical of that section of the country. Past Grand Exalted Rulers Sullivan, Malley, and Henry C. Warner, Dixon, Ill., and George W. Hickey of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, Willimantic, Conn., Past Grand Est. Loyal

*(Continued on page 47)*





## Magic Foods of Tomorrow

(Continued from page 13)

new type of freezing equipment up his sleeve.

They didn't have long to wait to learn the answer. And when it came it was almost unbelievable. For when the last course had been served, Mr. Birdseye arose and calmly announced that the deliciously "fresh" vegetables they had been eating, and the apple tarts they had had for dessert, weren't fresh foods at all, but the first public showing of his new food process known as "Anhydrous Food".

At first the guests thought he was joking. They were well acquainted with all the ordinary "processed foods", and it was inconceivable to suppose they couldn't tell processed vegetables from fresh ones. In order to prove to them that he was entirely serious, Mr. Birdseye and H. W. Roden, President of American Home Foods, Inc., which will produce the new foods, gave a demonstration.

Using only three electric hot plates for "stoves", Mr. Birdseye placed broccoli and carrots in sauce pans containing a small amount of water. Salt was added and the pans covered. The heat was turned on "high" until the water began to boil and was then turned "low" for five minutes. After a total time of ten minutes they were each ready to serve. The preparation of mashed potatoes was even more amazing. Mr. Birdseye poured the contents of a small package of anhydrous "riced" potatoes into the top of a double boiler, containing boiling water. He stirred them in the water, then beat them until stiff. In exactly four minutes from the time he opened the package they were ready to be served.

MR. BIRDSEYE explained that the secret of the speedy preparation of anhydrous foods is the speed with which the water is extracted from the original product. "The water is extracted so rapidly, without overheating, that the product does not have time to change its characteristics," he said. "Because of the rapid anhydrating action, little time is required to restore the water content in the cooking process."

In ordinary dehydrating processes the raw vegetable is subjected to heat for an average of 18 hours. But the new anhydrous method requires only about 90 minutes, and virtually all the water is extracted.

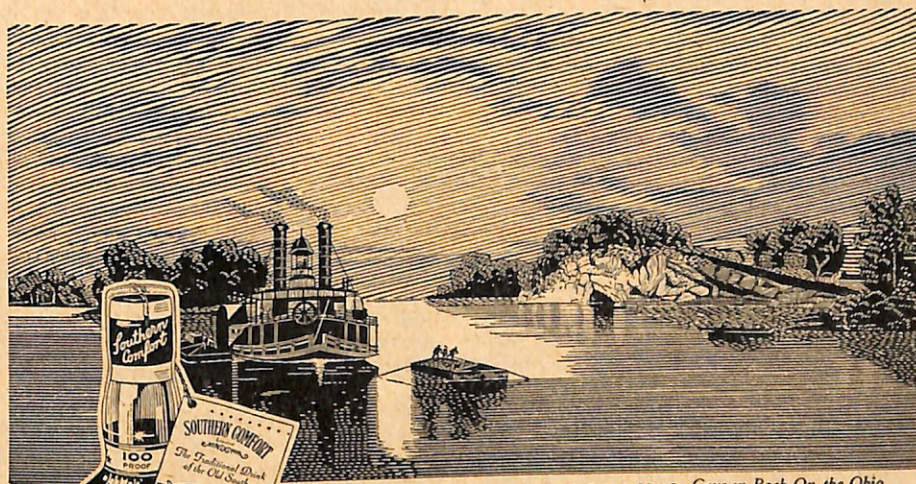
"Virtually all the damage that takes place in the processing of food—whether by canning, freezing, dehydration or sun drying—is the product of time x temperature," explained Mr. Birdseye. "The slower the process of removing the water and the longer the time during which the product is subjected to heat during the removal of the water, the greater is the loss of color, aroma, flavor, texture and vitamin values

## "Ah! What a Cocktail" you'll say when you try the Wagon Wheel

It's Another Southern  
Comfort Triumph...  
Here's the Recipe:

1/2 jigger Southern Comfort,  
1/4 jigger brandy,  
1/5 jigger lemon juice, 3  
dashes grenadine syrup.  
Shake. Serve in frosted  
cocktail glass with red  
stemmed cherry.

100 PROOF LIQUEUR



FROM THE OLD PRINT Cave-in-Rock On the Ohio

The Wagon Wheel is but one of the many marvelous drinks, short and tall, that have made 100 Proof Southern Comfort so popular. But... Only Two, Remember... No Gentleman Will Ask for Three! You'll enjoy all the exciting recipes in the booklet on the bottle. Others mailed on request.

There's Only One

# SOUTHERN COMFORT

*America's Most Versatile Drink*

SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION, SAINT LOUIS 3, MO.



and the greater will be the time required to put water back into the product and bring back the natural bulk and appearance and also the longer will be the time required in cooking. Furthermore, the longer the cooking time, the greater the loss of color, aroma, flavor, texture and vitamin content in cooking. Therefore, by reducing the de-watering period from an average of 18 hours to an average of an hour and a half, the time required to put water back into the product and to cook it thoroughly is reduced from an average of an hour to an average of four to ten minutes."

**T**HE new rapid and more or less complete anhydrating process is made possible by an ingenious machine invented by Mr. Birdseye. This machine is equipped with six endless conveyors made of stainless steel cloth. All three methods of heat transfer are used—radiation, conduction and convection. Over the first five belts are batteries of radiant heaters operated at 650 degrees F. This heat is radiated onto the food particles as they pass along the belts. This radiated heat will raise the internal temperature of the particles much higher than either conducted or converted heat. And by increasing the internal temperature of the food particle, the internal vapor pressure becomes greater than the external pressure, forcing the moisture to the surface, or drying the food particle "inside out". This results in the removal of much more water than would otherwise be possible and also prevents crusting or "case hardening" on the surface of the food particle.

Each of the first five belts is also in direct contact with metal plates which are heated to 300 degrees F. This is the source of conducted heat and causes the particles to dry more evenly and equalizes the drying of larger and smaller particles. In addition to this, eight fans direct a stream of heated air upon the belts moving at the rate of 1,500 feet

per minute. This converted heat further aids evaporation of moisture, keeps the drier particles moving faster than the ones drying more slowly, and prevents scorching. The sixth belt on the machine is the "finishing belt" and moves much more slowly than the other five. On this belt the food particles are subjected to four different technical treatments, including "sweating", in order to insure removal of any remaining moisture.

In comparing this machine with ordinary dehydrating equipment, Mr. Birdseye said, "In the present methods of dehydration, the prepared product is placed in a layer on trays or belts and is then dried slowly by means of hot air blown over the product. Because the product is dried in undisturbed layers by means of hot air only, it cannot be safely subjected to very high temperatures, since the most exposed pieces of the product would dry faster and then become scorched. Therefore, present methods require such prolonged drying periods that many of the distinctive characteristics of the fresh vegetables are lost.

"Since speed without over-heating of the product is the essence of the anhydrous process, the anhydrator stirs the product constantly to expose each piece evenly to the drying conditions, employs very high temperatures in the very early steps while the product can protect itself by evaporation, and at the same time winnows the product by a gale of air which blows the quicker drying pieces through the anhydrator so rapidly that they cannot be damaged. All three forms of heat transfer—radiation, conduction and convection—are employed to supply heat to the product extremely rapidly."

**T**HE mass production of anhydrous foods has already begun and Mr. Roden said that they would be placed upon the market "as early as possible in 1946". This is good news to housewives, grocers and restaurateurs alike.

According to the Associated Research Council, Chicago, Ill., fully 25% of the food consumed in the United States is eaten in cafes, hotels and restaurants. To the person engaged in mass feeding anhydrous foods should solve many problems. Economy will be effected by saving in storage space, refrigeration and in kitchen labor. The amount of waste occasioned by spoilage and leftovers can also be drastically reduced. Huge quantities need not be prepared in advance, since the time required to prepare additional amounts as needed is very small. Anhydrous foods will also furnish greater variety on the menu, enabling the restaurateur to serve numerous fruits and vegetables regardless of the season of the year.

**T**HE grocer, too, should find anhydrous foods very much to his liking. It is estimated that a saving of as much as 80% in storage space can be effected by stocking anhydrous foods. And one of the grocer's greatest headaches, losses occasioned by customers "picking over" vegetable bins, will be entirely eliminated.

The advantages of anhydrous foods to the housewife are obvious. They will save much time and labor in both the preparation and cooking of food. Year-round variety of "fresh" vegetables and fruits can be enjoyed regardless of the geographical location or the season of the year. Less frequent trips to the market will be necessary since a very small pantry space will accommodate a month's, or even a year's supply. There will be no spoilage, since they will last indefinitely without refrigeration, and waste from leftovers can be cut down because of the speed with which additional servings can be prepared as needed. Garbage will be greatly reduced since all peelings, hulls, seeds and other unedible portions are removed at the processing plant.

One of the most attractive features of the new foods to the average housewife, however, will be the fact that she will find them cheaper in price than either fresh or canned foods. The saving in storage space and shipping weight will be passed along and will ultimately show up in the housewife's budget. The Technical Bulletin of the Army Quartermaster Corps says that five truck loads of raw produce going into a cannery will come out as nine truck loads of canned goods. But, according to Mr. Birdseye, the same five truck loads of raw produce going into an anhydrating plant will come out as only one truck load of anhydrous foods. Since the water content of fresh and canned vegetables is very high, the shipping weight saved by taking out the water can be passed along to the consumer.

Or as Mr. Roden expressed it, "Water accounts for as much as 95% of the content of vegetables, and it isn't going to be necessary to haul that water around".





*You fish in  
vain for words  
to describe your  
first big catch*

You live it all over again each time you think of it . . . and you are reminded that never again can you duplicate that first, great fishing thrill.

Yes, you can try to describe a grand adventure, but words can never make your listener *feel* your surprise, your excitement or your pride. There are many other things in life that actually must be seen, heard, felt, inhaled or tasted to be appreciated. That is why no words in any language can tell you what you experience when you enjoy the distinctive taste and bouquet that have made Budweiser the most popular beer in all history.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH • • ST. LOUIS



*Every sip tells you what words can't*

**Budweiser**  
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

*is something more than beer  
...a tradition*

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# It's a Man's World



by Kent Richards

NOW, right before your eyes, is happening a miracle. Perform it once and the little woman will humbly cloy to you for life. It's a secret for keeping bread and coffee fresh, really fresh, I mean, for about three times longer and all with nothing to buy and no moving parts to get out of order. Bachelors cry for it. Seldom eating at home they usually get only three slices out of a loaf of bread before it goes stale and they normally drink coffee whose flavor has been bleached out beyond recognition. All you have to do is keep your bread and coffee in the refrigerator instead of in the cake box or on the pantry shelf. The cold acts as a preservative—don't ask me why—and the result will make you famed throughout the neighborhood, you little marvel worker you.

While you win the wife's good will one way, you can lose it another. One pertinent cause of the high divorce rate is the damage done to the finish of dining room tables by periodic poker games. The ladies will be spared much agony and you will be saved from buying expensive mollifiers if you will purchase one of the new poker table set-ups. One of these is a folding top that fits over a card table; the other is a table with its own support that folds up neatly and will fit in a dark closet where the moths can get at it.

Both are octagonal, covered with green felt and have chip

wells, drink and ashtray racks for eight players. They cost from \$30 to \$40, a sum which you can earn back in one evening, it says here. Eight, out-for-blood gamblers gathered around one of these excellent arrangements might find themselves slightly crowded unless they are on the slender side, but eight is too many for a poker game anyhow.

Now that you have both saved and won money (see above) let us consider the spending of it. After considerable concentration I have learned to spell moccasin without constantly referring to my well-thumbed copy of Mr. James Fennimore Cooper's great moccasin novel, "The Deerslayer." I am therefore able to point out, with no embarrassment whatsoever, that moccasins are enjoying a popularity outside of Boy Scout circles which they richly deserve. Some of the models are conservative enough for informal business wear; all of them are appropriate for sports. When they have been worn beyond out-of-door usefulness they come in mighty handy as house slippers.

They have also a special virtue of adaptability in that they seem to fit equally well people who are splay-footed and those rarities whose feet are mates. Although not as light and cool as the Mexican footgear, spelled somehow and pronounced hair-awch-ees, (I do not have with me my well-thumbed copy of Miss Helen Hunt Jackson's great hairawchee novel,

"Ramona") they have the real advantage of being able to take a beating and a polish and can be worn almost anywhere, with comfortable casualness.

Mockasins can also be purchased now in elevator models, which brings up the delicate subject of whether or not it is manly to buy shoes which promise that rich reward of "now you can be taller than she is". I'm for it provided it can be done secretly; not because of what these superbly camouflaged built-in lifts do for a man who isn't tall (he can dream of Napoleon) but for what they do for the morale of his gal. Women are funny about some things and it just plain detracts from their happiness to have husbands who must crowd up front if they want to see the parade.

Now that you're tall and everything, it's a good time to take a forthright stand on the matter of bathing trunks. That tight-fitting, moth-eaten, knit job you've hung onto so tenderly all these years might last another summer so go ahead and wear them, if you don't mind a train of small fry following you along the beach and pointing. But in the interests of the landscape, if not of public morals, I fervently hope you will abandon them to the rag man (they will be converted into fine writing paper for ladies) and get yourself a pair of the new colorful print jobs with the built-in jock. When you first put them on you may feel as conspicuous as circus calliope. But what with beach umbrellas, life guards and genuine sweater gals in bra and pantie suits, you'll attract no attention whatsoever unless you step on, (1) a dog, or (2) a policeman.

Using colorful trunks in public spots like a bathing beach will make it easier for you to adjust to wearing in comparative privacy the rainbow shorts which will soon be on the market. These creations are the full-bodied development of the transition in men's underwear from bleak white to desert sunrise brilliance, which has been under way for twenty years. These new shorts are a cross between a Navajo Indian blanket and a cowboy shirt and are certain to meet with success if for no other reason than that there is not much else to buy. Beneath a bravado of promotion for the new colors, manufacturers are privately somewhat apologetic for introducing them with what in men's clothing circles is abrupt suddenness. War shortages are to blame, they say. Shorts had to be made of anything that was available, from awnings to excess sarong yardage. But the colors and designs aren't really as dramatic as they appear at first shocked glance. You get used to them quickly. After you've worn them awhile, you'll hardly notice them. And it isn't likely anyone else will.

Another transition progressing quietly for some time also appears ready for full fruition. This is in sleeping garments. It isn't so long

(Continued on page 47)



# Say goodbye to traffic jams!



**1858** NEIGHBORS MIGHT band together to fill in or clear a road when it became impassable. Roads were often muddy, rutted, lonely places—nobody's business and everybody's handicap—88 years ago when the name Corby's first appeared in Canada.



**1929** AMERICA WAS on wheels, but the wheels still travelled narrow roads. Traffic jams were everyday affairs and people wondered where the millions of new cars being built every year were going to go. This was the time when Corby's reached its 71st year of fame in Canada.



**1941** ENGINEERS TACKLED the highway problem in earnest. Separated crossings, cloverleaf intersections, elevated and depressed highways began to appear. Then war, coming in Corby's 83rd year as a respected Canadian Whiskey name, held up highway construction.



**1946** GREAT IDEAS are in the works. Government and local authorities are projecting expressways that will eliminate a lot of traffic jams, make driving more pleasant than ever. As you plan next Summer's trip, take time out from road maps to enjoy Corby's, the light, sociable blend. Brought to the U.S.A. from Canada five years ago, the name Corby's is well worth watching for in your bar or store. Ask for the whiskey with the grand old Canadian name.



## CORBY'S

### A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U.S.A. under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.  
86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ill.



## Vacations Unlimited

(Continued from page 17)

you'll find a handful of tea leaves, carefully preserved from that Tea Party of almost two centuries ago. A few steps away, at the Old South Meeting-House, hundreds of Bostonians gathered in Indian dress that memorable night before boarding the hated tea ships. In the Old North Church were hung the lanterns which told Paul Revere that the British were coming by sea. And in the old Granary Burying Ground, Revere himself lies buried, along with many another hero of the Revolution.

Among the most stirring of monuments is the statue of the Minute Man at Concord, a few miles outside Boston. It stands beside a little river, which flows through a landscape unmatched for tranquility and beauty. If you have small children, they will read the inscription and undoubtedly ask, as so many children have, "But was the shot *really* heard 'round the world?"

Massachusetts abounds in beautiful drives of historic interest. Travel down to the Wayside Inn at Sudbury for lunch—and don't fail to try the Indian pudding. En route you'll pass through the quiet little town of Weston, where, until a few years ago, stood one of the most famous of New England general stores, that of George W. Cutting and Sons. Sealing wax it certainly had, and for those who wanted ships I have no doubt it provided those, too.

Then there's Cape Cod, a pleasant two- or three-day round trip by automobile from Boston, with a stop at Plymouth to see Plymouth Rock; there's Salem, scene of the witchcraft trials and site of the House of the Seven Gables; there's Gloucester, with its heroic monument to its

fishermen and from Wood's Hole there's the sail to Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket.

Maine affords scenery much different from that of Massachusetts. Its coast, deeply indented everywhere, rises hilly rather than mountainous from the sea. The capital, Augusta, is a friendly city of magnificent trees, and Bar Harbor, as famous as Rhode Island's Newport, has been known as a fashionable resort for decades. Be sure to try the seafood of Maine—before the war small restaurants in Portland served a delicious lobster salad for the incredible sum of 50¢ . . . before the war, mind you.

For proper appreciation of New Hampshire, your own automobile is almost indispensable. One good plan is to headquarter in Concord near the center of the State, and make excursions from there. The Eagle Hotel, which houses a substantial portion of the State's legislators when the Legislature is in session, enjoys a quiet local fame. If your preference is for mountains and resorts, try the Mount Washington at Bretton Woods, Crawford House in Crawford Notch, the Balsams in Dixville Notch, Peckett's on Sugar Hill or the Forest Hills in Franconia.

New Hampshire is a State of white birch trees, of brooks running noisily beside country roads, of gently sloping mountains in the south and, in the north, of awe-inspiring vista such as one would ordinarily expect only in the Rockies. There are still more than sixty covered wooden bridges in the State, and the number of small white churches with graceful, heart-lifting spires must run into the hundreds. Every town has at least one monument to the genius and the

faith of the men of Colonial times.

Here, as in Massachusetts and Connecticut, is perhaps the only true American home architecture. The old houses of New Hampshire impress one alike by their substantial qualities, their just proportions and their air of having been built by people who knew how to live both graciously and comfortably.

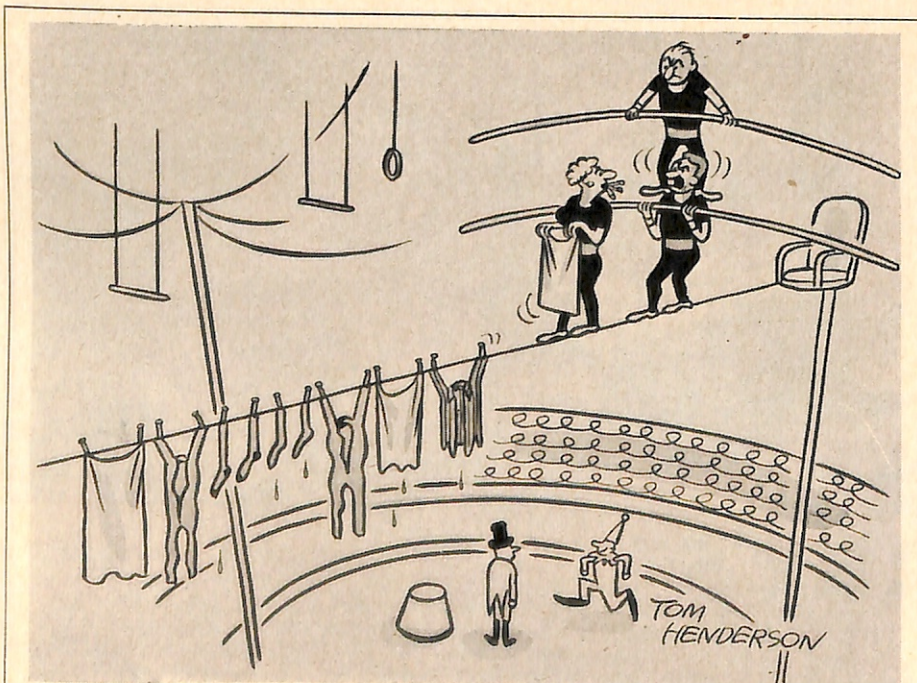
The landmark of the State is the Old Man of the Mountain, inspiration of that famous tale, "The Great Stone Face". You'll see the Old Man as you journey north to the rugged grandeur of the White Mountains. The walk down to the spot where it can best be viewed is doubly rewarding, for nearby is a small pool where often one finds a fisherman patiently casting.

Vermont, next door to New Hampshire, likewise prides itself on its mountainous scenery. There are few drives in the entire country more lovely than those between Montpelier and Burlington, or Burlington and Rutland. Be sure, however, to take them early in the morning preferably about eight o'clock, for they are then at their finest.

Just a few miles from Montpelier, the capital, is Barre, center of the granite industry. If possible visit one of the quarries where giant saws take days to cut through a slab of granite only a few feet thick. Should the quirks of history amuse you, by all means include St. Albans on your Vermont itinerary. There occurred the most northerly act of hostility in the Civil War, when a small Confederate band swooped down on the town in 1865, looted local banks of \$200,000 and headed blithely and hurriedly for nearby Canada. And before you leave the State stop at one of those roadside stands for a gallon of real maple syrup, or, if it is Fall, a peck or two of apples such as only Vermont can produce.

Because of its proximity, another of the New England States, Connecticut, has become almost a Summer colony of New York. Many New Yorkers in fact travel three or four hours each weekend to reach Connecticut homes, and they have done much to preserve the architecture of the State. Curious as it may seem, land several miles from any city or village is often zoned, so that only certain types of homes may be erected on it and the character of the community is thus assured.

The valleys of Connecticut are among the loveliest in the East. The State also has more than 240 miles of sandy beaches and nearly forty yacht clubs, and there's no more beautiful sight in the world than a score of boats sailing out of one of them, spreading their white canvas to the breezes of Long Island Sound. They will be sailing again in full force this summer—don't miss them when you set out to enjoy your share of our New England heritage!



"I must say that you picked a fine time to get domestic!"



# Gadget & Gimmick Department

By W. C. Bixby

THERE are several things you should know about what happened last winter. In all the investigations, strikes, conferences and so on you might have missed them. The first is a valuable lesson in timing. Industries like to time their new products to assure maximum sale and one company put a new snow shovel on the market during the winter. It was made of aluminum and some rash copy writer made the statement that it "almost made shoveling snow a pleasure". Two hours after the papers bearing notice of the new product hit the streets of Chicago the temperature went from around thirty to three degrees below zero and they had a blizzard. That's timing.

THE other thing I wanted to mention is my nomination for the lowest trick of the year. Somebody is selling the hens of this country a bill of goods. You see, hens are usually awake during daylight hours only. But some greedy soul installed an automatic switch in his hen-house to turn on lights practically in the middle of the night and got a twenty percent rise in egg production. If nothing else it's an unfair labor practice, for the hens, that is.



THE power-mower to end all mowers is here. It's a light-weight, part-aluminum lawn-mower which is powered by a nice engine—all of which is not news. But it has an attachment. That's the catch, the attachment. Through a flexible shaft the motor runs a clipper for hedges and hard-to-get-at places on the lawn. The engine itself is housed in a neat streamlined (what else in this day and age?) metal cover. There are also grass shields shaped somewhat like an airplane wing. Its cruising speed is unannounced as yet. The whole business weighs sixty-eight pounds and has a detachable handle so you can store it or transport it easily. I'm still waiting for the fellow who develops a grass seed to produce grass of a certain predetermined height, say one and a half inches, and then stops growing altogether.

THEY'RE getting smaller and smaller, things are. Last month it was small radios, this month it is small dry cell batteries. This one is so small they probably can't run a picture of it. (ED. NOTE: Oh yes, we can!) The battery is only five-eighths of an inch high and was developed during the war. You figure out the number of uses for it. One good one would be hearing aids, or smaller radios.



## VanRoy with the Ajustomatic STEM

THE ONE AND  
ONLY PIPE  
OF ITS KIND



VanRoy  
Ajustomatic  
Bard \$5

Forget your troubles with balky, old-style screw stem pipes—switch to VanRoy Ajustomatic. With this pipe the stem never gets temperamental no matter how repeatedly it is turned. Set in a patented "float-mounting", the Ajustomatic stem can't lock out of line—lines up straight as a die every time. Discover the extra satisfaction of smoking this precision-built pipe of perfection. Its quality is confirmed by the VanRoy name. VANROY COMPANY INC., Empire State Bldg., N. Y. 1, N. Y.



SIGNET OF QUALITY IN PIPES





Cool  
Drinks  
in a  
Jiffy!

## CHIP-CHOP

"Breaks The Ice" At Your Party

Delightful item for kitchen, playroom bar, portable bar—or on a picnic. Makes chopped ice instantly right in the glass—for better drinks, quicker cooling. An ideal low-priced gift. Smart pearlized handle, sturdy spring hammer action, fine case-hardened steel points which make crushed ice from cubes in a few seconds—right in the glass without breaking it. Professional barmen use it, because it makes drinks better, quicker. Order now and be ready to serve quick, cool, finer drinks this summer. Deluxe model postpaid in gift box \$1.00. Initial embossed in gold, 25¢ extra.

—SENT POSTPAID—MAIL COUPON NOW—

Personal Gifts, Dept. 100  
48 W. 22nd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Enclosed is \$..... (cash, money order, check). Please send at once, postpaid  
.....Deluxe "Chip-Chops" at \$1.00 each  
Initials as follows, 25¢ extra.....

Name.....

Street and Number.....

City and State.....

## Comfort Marches on!



In the 6th  
century this  
was a  
"corker".

Old-time cork shoes had bounce . . . but never the buoyancy of AIR-O-MAGICS—the shoes with patented, hand-moulded innersoles that are soft as a mattress and just as restful. No irritating roughness inside! For quality styling, plus 33 super-comfort features, choose

AIR-O-MAGICS . . .  
the footwear men favor  
from coast to coast!

Most Styles \$6.00 to \$7.50

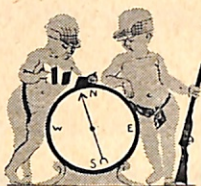


WITH AIR-CUSHIONED WALKING

*air-o-magic shoes*

• Write for "Health Foot-notes" booklet  
MARION SHOE DIV., Daly Bros., Dept. X Marion, Ind.

THAT ditty which starts "Home is the hunter, home from the hill . . ." has a better chance of fulfillment with this direct-reading compass now available. No more will you balance a compass in the palm of your hand and try to figure the whole business out. With this you just sight through a peep hole labeled "You Are Looking . . ." and then you read what the compass says. As you've doubtless figured out, this item is for the hunter who is lost. When asked about being lost no one admits it, but there are no embarrassing questions being asked, so just go and buy one. Its other advantages are the Tenite case which is unsinkable (if you're in the middle of a lake) and the case also contains a place for matches or a hunting license plus a built-in flint for starting fires.

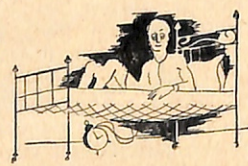


ANOTHER item for the hunter or fisherman is a war development in the way of stoves. Most of you probably like to mess with sticks and smoke but possibly there are a few who are lazy.

This stove is eight inches high and four inches in diameter (smaller all the time like I just said) and it divides into a stew or soup pot, a coffee pot or frying pan with a collapsible stainless-steel grid. The whole gimmick weighs only three pounds and can be put in a hunting coat pocket. It functions under freezing conditions with a resulting windproof flame producing five thousand BTUs, to be scientific about it. And it burns—now get this—it burns in three hours of constant operation only seven-eighths of a pint of fuel. What a deal. I think I'll buy one just for the heck of it.



FOR sheer grit the use of the next product is unsurpassed. It's an alarm clock which gives the usual morning jolt but the catch is it has a gimmick attached to the bed spring and if you shut the alarm off and roll back to bed anytime during the next hour it starts ringing again. It really is a rather useless thing though, since anyone with nerve enough to set such a trap voluntarily is not the sort to climb back in bed for more sleep.



HAVE you done your Christmas shopping yet? I knew I'd trip you on that one. Not only have you not done your Christmas shopping but most magazines haven't

even told you what you can look for (and probably not find), this coming Yuletide. So here's an early tip for you. If you have any friends who either know or do not know how to ski, these new metal skis are just the thing. Made of magnesium they are reported to be even faster sliding than wooden skis. To me that simply means you can get killed quicker; to skiers it means more fun. So if you have skiers on your list give them magnesium skis.

## CIVILIZATION

has waited a long time for this next product. Perhaps it's in time to prevent further strife in this weary world. It's an aluminum dog bed with rolled edges, no less. If you want to be technical it's 27" x 16" x 8" so you see it can't take a very large dog. Obviously it is designed to harbor smaller dogs who were thrown out of accommodations by larger dogs. Since larger dogs can't get in this to dislodge the smaller dogs, it appears foolproof. Would that the UNO could think up something like this product. Anyway, the dog's problems seem to be settled.



INSTEAD of fishing lemon seeds out of drinks and things with a large spoon or trying to spear olives from bottles with dinner forks, why not buy a set of utensils to take care of such problems?



It is safe to assume that most people have either a lemon squeezer, a mixing spoon, an olive fork, ice tongs or a cocktail strainer but how many have all those things? More important, how many have all the items in the same design and of stainless steel? Not many, I feel certain. You certainly don't want friends laughing at you as you mix cocktails with an ice pick or an old kitchen fork. There are sets of all the items listed above at a nice low price so why not be an outstanding individualist and have a set of them, all made of stainless steel and each piece with the same design?

IN THE post war home there will be wonders you never knew existed. Long-hidden secrets will burst into production and be on the market to astound us all. Probably before the end of the year fluorescent rugs will make their appearance to guide you down dark halls at night, if you're the roaming type. With some portion of the pattern woven in a fluorescent material it will give you a vague idea what's under foot. Sleepwalkers it won't help.



## It's a Man's World

(Continued from page 42)

since you had your choice of but two alternatives in things to wear for sleeping, a nightshirt or underwear, with underwear leading by four lengths. Many a man got his first nightshirt for his honeymoon, wore it uncomfortably for two weeks and then conveniently lost it. Habits have changed somewhat since the turn of the century. The good old garden variety of pajamas are passing into history and in their place are appearing sleeping shorts, a sleeveless, legless arrangement called a "derijam", and a sleeping coat which is no more or less than a tricked up pajama top. Rough sleepers who for years woke up mornings half strangled by twisted night clothes are finding one of these variations far more comfortable and somewhat less dangerous. Sleeping in the raw, like swimming in Lake Michigan on New Year's Day, is still enjoyed only by a limited few. But now you can expose almost any amount of skin that suits your comfort. What you do in one of these abbreviated get-ups in case of fire is your problem, but with warm summer nights ahead they are worth looking into.

And speaking of warm weather, if you happen to be one of those several million guys who would like to locate a couple of shirts to wear this summer, which are porous enough to let the cool breezes get to your torrid body you might get in touch with a Los Angeles firm, and ask them what store in your town handles their new shirts made of the Folker Fabric, Bamby. This stuff really lets the air through and yet it doesn't look like a cloth sieve. The shirts themselves are as good looking as you'll find anywhere and that is a lot to get along with comfort.

These shirts team up with a new cap just introduced in Hollywood and which ought to make a small fortune. It is called the "Admiral" and is modelled after the airman's cap scientifically designed for naval

and army fliers and used by them throughout the war all over the world. It has that extra long peak necessary to ward off terrific sun glare while flying a couple of miles high. It is a slick number for golf, hunting, fishing, tennis, skiing and for knocking around out of doors. Retail prices aren't set as we go to press, but at \$10.80 a dozen wholesale they ought to sell for around \$1.50 and are well worth it.

It isn't only the airplane glamour boys who set the styles. Lo, the poor workman is also having his innings. It is becoming a source of some pride to me to count among my memories the wearing of blue denim waist overalls as work pants. Known throughout the West as Levi's these pants have been used by ranch and farm hands and other manual laborers for more than fifty years. Now they have gone sissy. In big cities you can't buy them anymore on the overall counters, you have to go to sportswear stores and fish them out from among the flannel and tweed slacks. For some years they have been an economical favorite in Pacific Coast high schools and colleges, but now they're being sold all over the country. And they sell, but like hotcakes. One Middle West department store sold a trial shipment of five dozen in one day and immediately ordered a hundred dozen more.

The cut and the fabric is about what it used to be but the mark-up and the retail price would make an Arizona cowboy bellow in anguish. You can get them in dark blue and occasionally in the "faded" light blue, and, by shopping around, in the finer weaves. They are worn as wrinkled as you like but never creased.

Corduroy was also once a standard item of workmen's clothing, and is now a basic material for sports clothes. Some of the new stuff is as soft as velvet and comes in plenty of colors and pastels. Workmen still wear it too—to cocktail parties.

## FOR MEN ONLY

Is there a product or service mentioned in this column you'd like to know more about? Write our Reader Service Department!

### Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 38)

Knight Riley C. Bowers, Montpelier, Vt., Mr. Burke and Mr. Mullen were also guests, together with Mr. Heinlein.

Mr. Kepner was down in Maryland visiting CUMBERLAND LODGE NO. 63 on Feb. 28th. After an elaborate dinner with local officers and committees at the Ali Ghan Shrine Country Club, Mr. Kepner spoke at the lodge home, and had the capacity audience of 400 hanging on every word. P.E.R. George R. Lyming introduced the guest of honor and presented a \$150 Bond to him. E.R. Harry I. Stegmaier, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Tri-State Elks Assn., presided.

At this meeting the Grand Exalted Ruler presented an honorary life membership to P.D.D. John H. Mosner for his outstanding service to his lodge and the Order. After the meeting an old-fashioned ox roast was enjoyed. Mr. Heinlein accompanied Mr. Kepner.

On March 14th CHARLESTOWN, W. VA., LODGE NO. 202, was host to Mr. Kepner at a dinner held in his honor and attended by Past Exalted Rulers and the lodge officers. The Grand Exalted Ruler was then escorted to the lodge rooms where he made a stirring address. Following this a delightful social session was enjoyed by 500 members.

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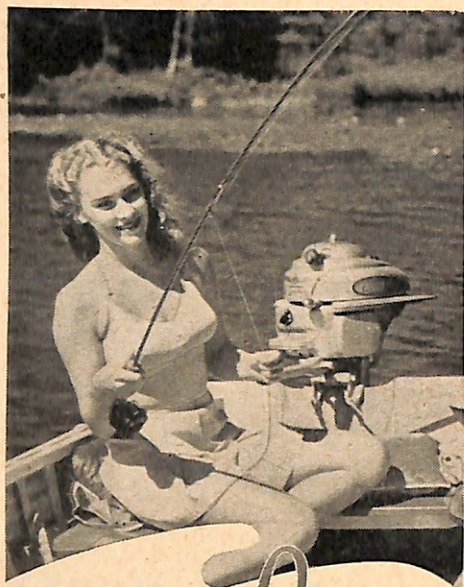
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# Rod AND Gun



**A factual fish story  
about a big one that  
didn't get away**

**By Ray Trullinger**

THIS will be the story of a novice angler's fantastic good luck—a story of the million-to-one chance that clicked, of a seemingly unbeatable world's record which has baffled the best efforts of countless fishermen over a 39-year period and of a mystery which defied solution for a quarter-century. You can comb the musty archives of angling history and never find its equal, for the chain of events which began on Maine's famous Sebago Lake on August 1, 1907, could never happen again.

Dawn of that memorable day found Edward B. Blakely, a young New Yorker vacationing at his brother-in-law's Sebago Lake camp, pushing off in a rowboat, determined to catch a landlocked salmon. The fact he'd tried several times before without success, and had been the butt of unmerciful kidding as a result, only whetted his ambition. That day he was going to catch a landlock. On a trolled shiner.

Now, a Maine landlock is something to catch. In fact, experienced fishermen who have caught all varieties on the North American continent are pretty much agreed that the little fresh-water salmon is in a class by itself. With the possible exception of the Western steelhead and its close relative, the Atlantic salmon, Salmo sebago isn't equalled by anything wearing fins for sustained game-ness and spectacular fighting qualities.

The origin of this wonderful little fighter? Most fish savants believe Maine's landlocks originally were sea salmon, whose return to salt water was forever blocked

by some prehistoric upheaval. With the exception of a few minor differences, including a larger eye, slightly longer fins and larger scales, the Atlantic salmon and landlocked fish are almost identical. However. . . .

At noon, Ned Blakely's efforts had yielded only a pair of badly blistered hands, for August trolling, unlike Spring and Fall fishing for landlocks, is not what could be described as productive. In mid-summer they descend to the deepest—and coolest—parts of the lakes they inhabit; to catch them at such times it's necessary to fish the bottom with heavily leaded gear which of course blankets their spectacular fight, and few fishermen have a liking for that. All of which probably explained Blakely's poor luck. His trolled minnow wasn't fishing the bottom, but the surface where salmon usually are taken during the early Spring and Fall.

After a noontime lunch back at camp, young Blakely set forth again, his departure hastened by more good-natured jibes from his companions. But within an hour his blistered hands took their toll and he finally decided to stop trolling for salmon, anchor off Songo Bar in Sebago Lake, and still-fish for smelt. After all, fish are fish and fried smelt does taste darned good at sundown. The capture of his first landlock could await another day. So within a few minutes Blakely's two smelt lines were doing business. His salmon trolling rod, an old steel Bristol affair, threaded with line of questionable worth and spooled on a haywire reel, projected unwatched and unattended from the stern of



his rowboat. Very likely the fat, four-inch shiner on the end of this trolling outfit was wiggling around on the hook, sixty-odd feet below the surface.

About that time the smelt stopped biting and young Ned Blakely began to wonder if a change of boat position to deeper water was indicated. A friend of his, Harry Kennard, was anchored farther out in the lake and hauling smelt with gleeful abandon. Blakely was about to pull up his anchor when his attention was attracted by the strange gyrations of his unattended trolling rod. The tip was out of sight in the water and it was evident something had grabbed that luckless shiner and was taking it places in a hurry. Blakely snatched up the disappearing rod and set the hook with one quick motion.

Results were immediate and startling. A huge, silvery form erupted from the quiet surface of the lake to about six-foot height, executed a cartwheel in midair and plunged back with a noisy splash. Blakely, somewhat frightened by this unexpected turn of events, called over to his friend, Kennard, "Is that fish on my line?"

Kennard replied that it was but added he didn't think it would be there long. And did Blakely want any help? Blakely did. Lots of it. And maybe a few odd prayers, horse-shoes, four-leaf clovers and whatnot, for about that time he began to realize angling history was being written and that his haywire outfit was a poor pen with which to write it.

So Harry Kennard rowed over, climbed into Blakely's boat, and, after clearing the smelt lines and hauling up the anchor, took over the

oars and headed for deeper water.

During the next hour and a half Blakely was an exceedingly busy angler, for that salmon staged an exhibition which would have put a tarpon to shame. It was out of water, time and again, with spectacular jumps. At other times it bored to the bottom with a bull-like rush, always seeking to dislodge that clinging hook. It wasn't until after the fight had continued for almost two hours that it revealed signs of tiring. Finally, Blakely worked it up to his boat, where the only landing implement he had was a crude gaff, fashioned from a large fish hook rigged on a stick. When Kennard socked that gaff home the tiring fish, stung by the injury, whirled, straightened out the hook, and was off again with another series of leaps and rushes.

Later, it became apparent to both men the fish would never be boated unless it was "washed" over the side. So when Blakely eventually worked his prize up again, both fishermen tipped the boat dangerously and washed the salmon aboard, along with many gallons of water. Blakely promptly sat on the still struggling salmon and Kennard managed to row the half-swamped boat ashore. The fight had lasted two hours and ten minutes.

Then another disaster was narrowly averted. As the breathless anglers were sitting on the beach viewing their prize, a Lake Sebago steamer, loaded with sightseers, churned past and Blakely held up his catch for all to see. Everybody on the steamer naturally stampeded to one side of the craft for a better view, and the boat began taking water. A catastrophe was in the making, but a few level-headed pas-



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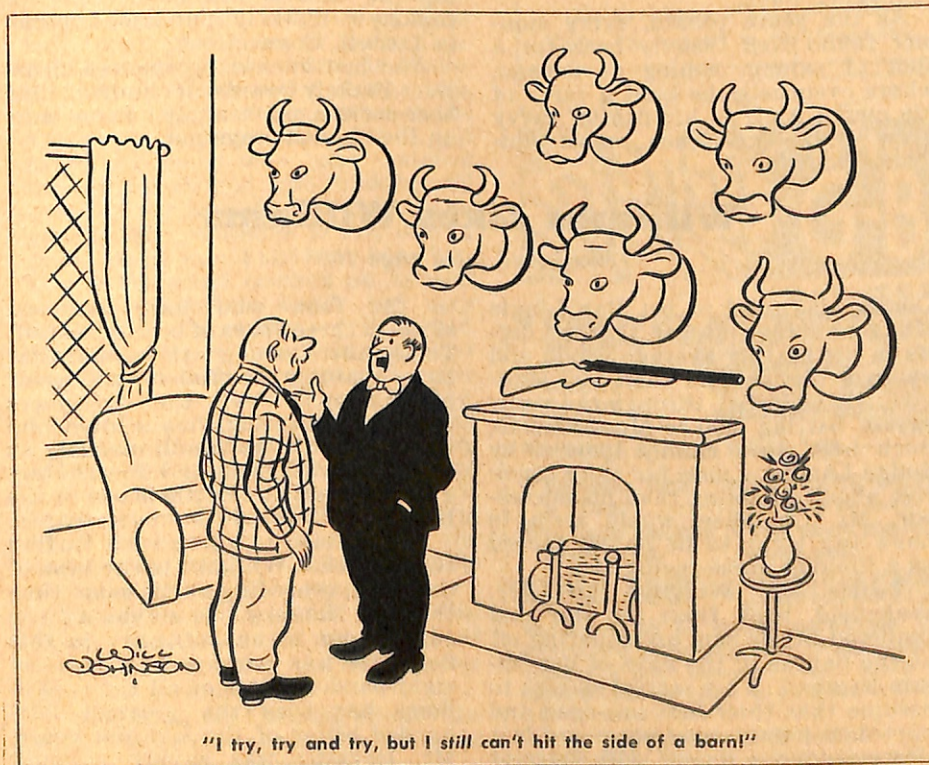
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sengers acted promptly and the danger passed.

Word of this unusual capture got around and fishermen from all over the Sebago area came for a look-see, and it wasn't until hours later that Blakely put his fish on the scales. It weighed 22 pounds, eight ounces, even then, and its captor estimated the fish must have lost at least a half-pound just from bleeding.

Realizing he had a prize fish if not a record-breaker, Blakely decided to have it mounted and turned it over to a guide, Linc Daniels, who skinned the fish but never finished the mounting job. This last chore eventually was completed by a professional taxidermist.

Two years later a friend of Blakely's asked if he could borrow the mounted trophy to hang in his New York apartment. Blakely consented and the big salmon was taken to that city. Later, Blakely's friend moved abroad, after storing his furniture, and all trace of the salmon was lost.

Naturally, when the loss became known to him, the man who had caught the all-time largest rod-and-reel landlock started a search. But neither he nor anyone else knew that search would be carried on for years and that more than a quarter-century would elapse before the mystery of the salmon's disappearance would be solved. And then only by the same kind of phenomenal odd luck which had brought about its capture.

The search took Blakely to second-hand shops, antique shops, private homes and clubs, and to a lot of places where his friends had reported seeing a large salmon. But in every instance the mounted fish turned out to be an Atlantic salmon or a smaller landlock. Finally he admitted defeat and gave up his discouraging hunt.

As the years passed, every summer found Ned Blakely back for a spot of salmon fishing at Sebago, where eventually he built a camp of his own. And, as his fishing savvy grew with experience, some out-

standing landlocks were taken, including his second largest, an 11-pounder. But never did he hook anything approximating in size his first fish. And neither did anyone else. For Maine landlocks only average, at best, two and one-half pounds. A six-pounder is a nice fish and a ten-pounder will win you a certificate from the State of Maine publicity bureau. Not more than a score are awarded annually, on the average, for a ten-pound landlock salmon on the end of a line isn't something which happens every day. You're lucky to catch two or three such fish in a lifetime.

Then, in 1939, good fortune unexpectedly bobbed up again.

That summer, he and his wife were driving down a back road in Maine, headed for a blueberry patch. Along the way, they were stopped by a friend, Armand Riley, who said he had something to show them. Riley, son-in-law of the man to whom Blakely had loaned the missing salmon, was spending the summer at the old family homestead. While poking around in the attic of this old house, he had uncovered a large bundle, wrapped in old newspapers. The bundle contained a huge mounted landlocked salmon, in an excellent state of preservation, and he knew instantly it was the long-missing world's record fish.

And so it was! The newspaper wrappings indicated the fish had reposed in that old attic for over 25 years and to this day no one knows how it got there. After a restoration job was finished, details of the fish's capture were submitted for official record and since then Blakely's landlock has been the accepted world's record fish of that species.

Today this great trophy hangs in the home of his mother-in-law, pending the time it will be brought to Blakely's recently purchased home in Darien, Connecticut.

And just in case anyone has ideas, Ned Blakely wants it known that borrowers needn't apply. From now on the big fish stays put.

## Williams Likes Williams

(Continued from page 16)

Gomez also used to bet Van Lingle Mungo, another pitcher, that the digits in his batting average would add up to a higher sum than Mr. Mungo's. He collected, through the strategy of batting .090 to Mungo's .240. Such bets were calmly ignored by Judge Landis, a man far more sensitive about gambling than his successor, Mr. Chandler, would seem to have any right to be on his record as a lifelong horse-racing fan.

Today Mr. Williams and Mr. Wakefield, back from the war and limbered in the sun, are squaring off at the ball as in the days of pre-bellum baseball. I am tactful enough to assume that their bets are dead and buried, but the issue they raised last winter remains one of deep interest

to the fans who have suffered through three years of semi-pro stuff. Today there are great batsmen at large again, great pitchers and great playmakers. Even the old-timers agree that baseball has seldom had three such hitters simultaneously as Williams, Wakefield and Joe DiMaggio. Their private battle is one of the best sideshows of the new season.

I'm inclined to agree with Rogers Hornsby that Williams is the best of the three, conceding at the same time that Mr. Hornsby has maybe a little edge on me as an authority in this field. He was perhaps the greatest right-handed hitter of all time. Williams has been the greatest left-handed hitter of the last ten years. Mr. Hornsby was saying recently



that Williams is the man with the best chance of equalling the Rajah's modern record of .424 for a season. "He don't go for the bad ones," said Mr. Hornsby judiciously. "He knows where the strike zone is. That's worth a lot of points to a hitter."

The reason for this is that the gangling Boston operative not only has the quickest visual reflexes in the business but an ease and confidence of mind that keep him from pressing—from biting at a sucker pitch in an emergency. It is a treat for an aficionado to watch Williams hit (the thing that annoys Mr. Williams is that he cannot watch himself and share the experience). There have been other fine batting stylists in baseball: Paul Waner, Joe Jackson, Napoleon Lajoie, Glenn Wright, Bill Terry. Williams, with his loose, free stance and his deep, square swing, is the picture hitter of the game today.

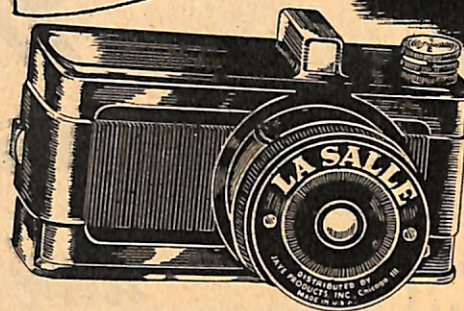
He is not as good an all-around ball player as DiMaggio. Williams' nonchalance extends to the fielding of fly balls, and the bleacher critics have sometimes howled so loud at his mistakes out there that Mr. Williams advised the management to feed them hamburger at the gate to take the edge off their blood-lust. As a hitter, DiMaggio has not the quickness of eye of Williams, but he makes up for this in part with a remarkable pair of wrists which enable him to bring the ball around—to pull it—rather late, after he has had time to look the pitch over. He can match Williams in power, and he is comfortable and easy because he likes baseball. It is natural for Mr. DiMaggio to like baseball. It got him out of crab-fishing. Even his best friends around the wharves used to say that as a crab fisherman, Joseph did not have what it took.

The dark horse, and the youngest player, among the sluggers of baseball today, the heirs of Ruth, Gehrig, Greenberg and Foxx, is Wakefield. He has only had a year or two, before and between his hitches in the service, to demonstrate his stuff, but there are some who have watched him hit for Detroit who think he will soon be the best in the game. Obviously Mr. Williams is not one of those, or he would not have been betting a thousand crullers on himself against Wakefield under the very nostrils of Commissioner Chandler. However, Mr. Williams is not what you would call an impartial critic when it comes to his own hitting. During the recent training season, his habit of giving out newsworthy statements caused Mr. Williams to say to a reporter, as he wrinkled his brow in a well-feigned look of worry, "I don't seem to be meeting the ball right. Maybe I'll have trouble with my hitting this year."

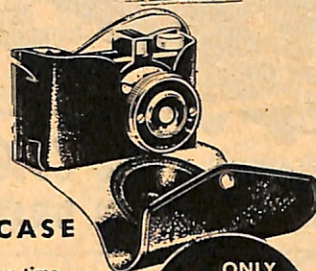
Thirty seconds later Mr. Williams' conscience got the better of him, and he called the interviewer back for a re-take.

"Aw, what am I talking about?" he said. "Why fool the public? I could always hit. I always will."

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# In the DOGHOUSE

*with Ed Faust*



**Mr. F. becomes  
the Answer Man as he  
dips into his mail bag**

DON'T know who first said that the road to a Certain Place is paved with good intentions but I'll give that person an argument, part or full-time, to prove that this isn't so. That flooring, my friends, is simply unanswered letters. I have reason to believe this after having waded through an accumulation of mail that piled up while I was dry-docked for some weeks, nursing three broken ribs. Why Nature has built what amounts to no more than a bird cage around a man's innards is a mystery to me. Even a turtle carries better protection. But now all the letters are answered or at least most of them, and those which remain are those I've saved for this month's article because the writers have asked questions which are generally interesting to a great many who own dogs.

For example, here is Mrs. R. C. of Memphis, Tenn., who asks—"What can I do to curb my dog from excessive barking? I'd rather not put a muzzle on her." I can sympathize with the lady in her dilemma. For some time I lived in the neighborhood of one of those canine alarm-clocks and I know what suffering it means to both the owner and others within hearing. That kind of purp begs for discipline and if this won't do—then the heck with its feelings—a muzzle is the only alternative. Fortunately there's one being sold that is specially designed to prevent barking. Some sentimentalists hold that it's the right of every dog to bark and I go along with them but not when the barker is just a plain noise-maker in love with the sound of its own voice.

Bill B, signing in from Portsmouth, Va., writes—"My dog is a German Shepherd, three months old, but his ears are not yet erect. Can anything be done about this?" Well, Bill, sometimes the erect ear doesn't get that way until a dog is well grown and your purp is still only a youngster. I wouldn't be too concerned about this if the dog is normal in all other ways. Sometimes this happens among the erect-eared breeds that are prospective show dogs and the handlers or owners fasten strips of cardboard or very thin wood to the backs of the ears with adhesive tape. This occasionally helps but can't be guaranteed. Massage of the ear muscles daily may do some good.

Hold your hat on this one:

A lady, nameless here, but she'll recognize her query, very seriously wants to have this settled. There's a difference of opinion between her and her husband and I'll-kick-a-nanny-goat-in-the-bustle if they don't leave the answer to me. The big question is—should their dog sleep with them at night? She says "No;" he says "Yes." What would you say? My answer is—Lady, if your hubby wants to bed down with a horse let him do it. After all he may like horses very much. Besides, I've never heard of a horse with cold feet—or does that have anything to do with the controversy?

Here's the kind of query that always makes me feel attuned to the writer: J. C. of Bangor, Maine has just lost her dog through death and is desolate about it. Now it may seem to some to be on the tough side when I say that the



only consoling remedy is to get another dog—quick. It's akin to the experience of a guy losing a gal and the only answer that fully filled the bill in my salad days, was to get another one—quick. It may seem flip-pant but honestly, it's the best advice I can give you and to your asking if you should get a doggy replacement comes my decided "Yes".

This one is by no means new to my mail. It pops up every so often because inoculation, not only for dogs but for human beings, is still opposed among a diminishing few. Frank G., Chicago, checks in to ask if he should have his dog given the needle for distemper. Answer: "You certainly should, Frank—and against rabies too. But be sure to get the multiple treatment for the dog. One-shot injection only confers immunity for about two weeks. No inoculation, however, is 100% effective but is about the best insurance you can buy for your dog. As for rabies inoculation—this is not quite so necessary although I always have this done for any dog that I expect to have around for some time."

A reader, signing P. F., writing from Houston, Texas, sends along a detailed diagnosis of what seems to be a serious illness afflicting his fox-terrier and asks my advice as to treatment. Now this is as good a time as any to go on record for Faust. I'd like to ask those of you who may read this department to curb your impulse to write to me if, or when your dog gets green around the gills through some serious but mysterious cause. The reason for this is because few who are not experienced with dog sicknesses are able to diagnose correctly and not many have the skill to describe symptoms accurately. Note that I say "accurately". For such cases my answer invariably is: "Take the dog to a veterinarian who can give it an on-the-spot examination which I can't." Frankly, I'd be a bit suspicious of medical advice of any kind coming to me by mail from a distance. Furthermore, I'm not a vet, hence not qualified to prescribe for a sick dog, which I wouldn't anyway without seeing the dog. It would not be fair to either dog or the owner and might, if attempted by me, result in a dead dog and a disconsolate owner. For such simple things as fleas, worms,

common colds, minor injuries, I'm glad to give advice, but that's as far as I'll go. But don't let this admonition cramp your style should your purp seem squeamish; it may only be a passing trouble which your letter might reveal to me. Then again, it might be something which I could detect from your letter, that would move me to urge a prompt consultation with your vet. To be on the safe side—write, and if it's a dog sickness, I'll answer by return mail.

Here's the kind of letter anyone who writes about dogs likes to get because it gives an opportunity to correct a few misconceptions: Up in Michigan—"I want to be again in Michigan"—who remembers that song of some years back?—Dave, a life member of his lodge, has a pooch that thumbs its nose at him when Brother Dave or his resident kin call Mr. Dog and what will they do about it? The No. 1 answer of course is don't let that scallywag run loose. But that's not the kind of reply wanted by folks who have such dogs. The next then, is, if there's a back yard, to erect the old stand-by, a dog trolley which is the usual heavy wire stretched between two posts or trees and running through a loose metal ring to which Fido's collar and chain can be attached. Confined this way, the dog can sun-bathe and frolic all day and still be confined to its own home grounds. If you have this problem and no back yard, then painful as it may be, your only solution is to keep the dog confined at all times other than when you take it out for its regular exercise periods which, in this case, should be two or three times a day.

You've of course heard of the Missing Persons Bureau of the New York Police Department. Here's a candidate for the Faust Bureau of Persons Who Wouldn't be Missed. The individual is not a reader or an Elk but someone known to a reader who writes to tell about a goon who is slowly starving his dog to death because he was long ago told that dogs must eat bones to remain healthy. His dog is twelve years old and minus most of its teeth but the scant sustenance it gets is from the bones its benighted owner gives it. What's your verdict?

Another vote from Maine; Miss (or Mrs.) I can't decipher this,



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When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

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wants to buy a dog, asks what breed to get and where. I could answer this by saying get the breed you like best and if the lady lived in a big city, which she doesn't, advise that she consult her local phone directory for a list of kennels. My first answer holds true for anyone no matter where they may live. The best breed of dog is always the breed you like the best. Elemental, isn't it? I'll even add an amendment that if you don't give a tinker's you-know-what about breed then go ahead and get a plain dog without pedigree from a pound, an animal shelter, or a friend. The breed makes no difference in such matters as loyalty, affection, health or intelligence. The dog of mixed breed, if running true to form, delivers all of these virtues. The purebred does this too with the added advantage, of course, that its ancestry is known and it is a dog of a recognizable breed which for its owner is a concession to the feeling of pride of possession. I seldom advise a breed to any prospective dog owner. Writing about dogs as I do doesn't permit me to favor any breed, and in truth it shouldn't. I have my own favorites, naturally, but my choice is for reasons that may be entirely different from those of some of my readers. Nor can I favor any particular kennel if the query is about a purebred. Here and now for the benefit of the lady who wrote and for others who may read this, my custom is to send a list of kennels from which the reader may make a selection and to give such homely advice as—select the dog that fits your environment best and do not try to crowd one of the giant dogs such as a Great Dane, etc., into the accommodations of a two-room apartment. You can safely buy a dog from a reputable kennel at a distance but be sure to specify, color (if this is a consideration) age, sex of dog wanted and approximate price you are willing to pay. Bear in mind that the larger breeds are likely to cost more because they are more expensive for the kennel to rear.

It wouldn't seem like a normal mail without these two queries—one, the food question; the other, that old one about housebreaking. Here are two such that are good examples:

K. R. of Jersey City, N. J., simply says, "What shall I feed my dog?" The letter doesn't specify age of dog, size, breed or anything about the conditions under which that pup is kept and all of these, mind you, are very much factors in the subject of Fido's dinner pail. The question too is one that calls for an answer covering so much ground, that the limits of the letter I could write to our friend make a detailed answer impossible. But I'll try to brief the subject here in the hope that it may help the gentleman and serve some purpose for other dog owners. If the dog is a puppy more than eight weeks old then it should have four meals a day with a light snack at

night as a final nightcap, until it is about five months old. After this the meals should be cut to three a day until the youngster is about nine months old. From nine months to a year two hearty feelings will do. After it has fully matured, which for most dogs is at about eighteen months, one heavy meal will be all that is required for the average house pet. This one meal could be supplemented by a light snack the last thing at night if the heavy repast is a morning affair, or an early A.M. bit if the night-before meal has been the heavy one. A tip to owners of canine insomniacs: if you have such a sleepless cuss, then give him his big meal at night as dogs are inclined to sleep more heavily following a good feed. If you want the dog as your night-watchman, then of course go easy on the evening meal. How much to feed depends entirely upon the size of the dog and its breed. Naturally, the big fellows require more fuel than their smaller cousins. What to feed? Anything. That is, anything the dog will eat that contains little starchy matter—potatoes, beans, etc. All of the advertised foods are suitable and many are relished by dogs and are fully nutritious and wholesome.

MRS. J. R., Denver, whose husband is a life member of the Order sounds the appeal about housebreaking. The dog is nine months old which is a bit late to begin the training. I'd advise you, Mrs. J. R., to spread newspapers in one of your least-used rooms and see to it that Fido uses these as his rest room. Watch the dog carefully and try to anticipate his wants at which time rush him on to the papers and keep him there until he relieves himself. Each performance should be accompanied by a sharp scolding to impress the dog. In time it should get the idea and seek the papers unescorted. By that time too it should have learned to let you know when it wants out, which most dogs do by running to the door repeatedly or running up and down in front of the Boss. This plea for airings can be hastened by making it a practice to take the dog out ten to fifteen minutes after each meal, but this must always be done as regularly as possible.

Another of the sex—surprising how many of the ladies read *The Elks Magazine*—has one of those jumping-jack purps and wants to know how to cure its bad habit of leaping up on people. This is a nuisance and to some people who might not exactly love Fido it's a downright imposition. Here's what to do—grasp the dog's front legs and gently step on its rear tootsies, but do this gently as otherwise you may inflict painful injury on your pet. Walking the dog backwards while thus holding its paws will help impress the lesson on him. For some reason many dogs dislike to be walked this way. Don't try hitting the dog when it jumps; your aim may be poor and a blow around the head can have serious results.



# News of the Subordinate Lodges

(Continued from page 33)

## Fargo, N. D., Lodge Presents a Candidate for Grand Trustee

At a regular session held by Fargo, N. D., Lodge, No. 260, on Feb. 11th a resolution was unanimously adopted by the members to present P.E.R. Sam Stern as a candidate for election to the office of Grand Trustee for the term of five years at the 1946 Convention of the Grand Lodge.

Mr. Stern became a member of Fargo Lodge on Dec. 10, 1910 and after serving in the regular chair offices he became Exalted Ruler in 1924, in which capacity he proved himself a most capable leader. At the present time he is Chairman of No. 260's Board of Trustees.

In 1927 Mr. Stern was elected President of the North Dakota State Elks Association and was District Deputy for his State in 1928. For many years he acted as Chairman of the State Elks Crippled Children Committee, being one of the founders of this movement in North Dakota, which had been started through the efforts of the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch. In 1929 Mr. Stern was appointed to serve on the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee and devoted three years to this work. He was a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee in 1935 and became a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee from 1940 to 1942. Mr. Stern was State Vice-President for many years and in 1941 he was again elected President of his State Elks Association for two years and in 1944, at the Grand Lodge Session at Chicago, Ill., he was appointed a member of the Board of Grand Trustees, becoming Approving Member of that Board in 1945.

Mr. Stern is a graduate of the University of Minnesota with the degree of Bachelor of Laws. He served in the U. S. Army during the first World War and has always been active in the civic affairs of his community and State. He was President of the Fargo Chamber of Commerce, a Director of the Community Chest, and is at present a member of the Fargo Planning Commission. During World War II he served on the State Committee of the USO and the State Navy Recruiting Committee sponsored by the North Dakota Elks lodges. He is extremely active in the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis and has been State Chairman since its inception. The late Gov. John Moses appointed Mr. Stern Chairman of the North Dakota State Crippled Children's Commission and Gov. Fred G. Aandahl reappointed him to that office.

**ST. MARIES, IDA.,** Lodge, No. 1418, sponsored a 150-mile fishing trip not long ago on which the Right Reverend Monsignor Edward Flanagan of Boys Town, Neb., and his brother, Father P. A. Flanagan of Omaha, went along. The party spent two weeks at the Red Ives Ranger Station where a great many fish lost out and ended up on platters at Boys Town.

On the return trip Father Flanagan spoke at No. 1418's annual picnic when he expressed a wish to return to the camp site to write the story of Boys Town. The St. Maries Elks will do everything to help him.

**McALLEN, TEX.,** Lodge, No. 1402, had about 350 Elks from seven Texas lodges present at its institution not long ago. There were also quite a few members from Michigan, Ohio, Iowa, New Mexico and Wisconsin on hand to extend congratulations. D.D. George Strauss, Past State Pres., had charge of the affair and the Degree Team was composed of officers from various lodges in the Lone Star State.

Several State Assn. officials spoke, including Pres. Raymond L. Wright, Secy. H. S. Rubenstein, and Vice-Pres. Felix L. Gay, who was instrumental in organizing McAllen Lodge, and Mr. Strauss, P.D.D. R. M. Pate and Ernest Hail, Chairman of the Crippled Children's Institution.

**MILTON, MASS.,** Lodge, No. 1686, got off to a great start the afternoon of Feb. 17th, with Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner and Past Grand Exalted Rulers E. Mark Sullivan and John F. Malley, Boston, and Henry C. Warner, Dixon, Ill., adding prestige to the crowd of almost 600. Gov. Maurice J. Tobin, Boston Lodge, and his staff also attended, along with Grand Treasurer John F. Burke, Boston; State Pres. M. S. McEwan, Brookline; D.D.'s Henry I. Yale, Peabody, and Duncan McLaughlin, Natick; Past Grand Est. Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers, Montpelier, Vt.; Mr. Kepner's secretary, Past State Pres. Roy C. Heinlein, Sistersville, W. Va., and many other dignitaries.

The Grand Exalted Ruler spoke briefly and D.D. John O'Connor, Boston, directed the institution of the first new Mass. lodge in many years, the initiation of 65 charter members, performed by the championship Degree Team of Fitchburg Lodge, including Senator George W. Stanton, and the installation of officers.

In the evening a dinner was held at the Knights of Columbus hall, followed by entertainment.

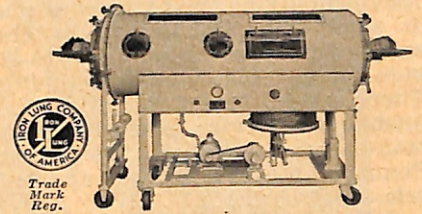
**ASHLAND, ORE.,** Lodge, No. 944, has just closed one of the busiest years it has ever known. Leader in every Bond Drive during the war, No. 944 went over its goal each time. During the last Red Cross campaign these Elks contributed \$1,000 and supplied the chairman and most of the hardest workers in the drive. Not only that, but a large sum was donated to the local high school for new uniforms for members of the band. Veterans of World War II haven't been forgotten either. The members of No. 944 have set aside \$10,000 to aid servicemen Elks on their return to civilian life.

Although Ashland has a population of only 5,000, 100 names were added to the membership rolls during the past year.

**ALAMOSA, COLO.,** Lodge, No. 1297, had charge of the services when the flagpole was dedicated recently on the site of the Pike Memorial by the Colorado State Elks Assn. which contributes \$25.00 for new flags each year.

The ceremony took place on the 139th anniversary of the day Lt. Zebulon Pike raised the first American Flag over Colorado soil.

## "Infantile" strikes next month—



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HAVE YOU the respirator protection your children may need if infantile strikes them this summer? We pray it won't, but you'd feel safer if you had a TRADEMARKED "Twin Iron Lung" in your community, wouldn't you? Start your campaign now.

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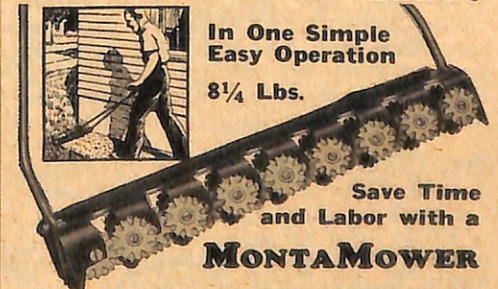
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# What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 19)

Joey—an aging juvenile who sings in small-time Chicago night clubs and knows only too well how to survive (if not succeed) in the jungle. There are faithful wives of faithless husbands and vice-versa, Hollywood man-eaters, earnest intellectuals, Pennsylvania coal-miners, and prep-school adolescents.

O'Hara's short stories are very short and very simple, in the best *New Yorker* manner—with a dash of Ring Lardner. No slice-of-life stuff here that trails off like an unfinished sneeze. Each story builds up to a climax, sometimes slowly and inevitably (see *King of the Desert* in which a couple of Hollywood wise-guys choose the wrong man for a stooge) and sometimes with a surprise twist (see *Lunch Today* in which a young matron lunches with a dear friend and gets a shock for dessert.)

Of the two novels in this anthology, the better is *Butterfield 8*. It's the story of a girl on the town during the early days of the Depression. As the result of an unfortunate childhood experience, Gloria Wandrous becomes a nymphomaniac. (There's a morbid fascination to her fast disintegration.) Perhaps she is a symbol of the crumbling morality of the twenties and thirties. When she finally goes under, at the age of twenty-two, she pulls down with her a whole family that seemed on the surface (by traditional standards) solid and seaworthy. But Mr. O'Hara demonstrates that there were termites in the beams long before Gloria first spent the night with Weston Liggett, Esq., Yale man, father of three lovely daughters, husband of a Junior Leaguer. What makes this macabre story fascinating rather than depressing is, again, O'Hara's delicate skill at pinning down social types. The other novel in the anthology is *Hope of Heaven* which seems to me the weakest of all O'Hara's writings. There's a lot more to be said about O'Hara, particularly about the semi-autobiographical Jim Malloy who often turns up as a major or minor character. But we'll leave that thread for you to pick up. One more thing: O'Hara's best novel by far, *Appointment in Samara*, isn't included.

**THE INNOCENT MRS. DUFF** by Elisabeth Sanxay Holding. *An Inner Sanctum Mystery Special*. \$2.00.

From here we move on to a social phenomenon, the misalliance, which again is peculiarly interesting in a caste-less society because one of the parties involved may very well be unaware of being misallied. It's the basis of Elisabeth Sanxay Holding's elegant (and that means written with true elegance) suspense story, *The Innocent Mrs. Duff*. At forty-two, Jacob Duff—handsome, socialite widower—falls in love with a beautiful twenty-one-year-old model

and marries her. She is too young to be a real companion. Like *My Last Duchess* she is too generally civil to please her lord. She smiles at the handsome chauffeur just as if he were her equal. Because Mr. Duff is a thorough snob (commuting variety) his young wife's "lack of breeding" grates on him a hundred times an evening. He must get rid of her or go out of his mind. If he watches her carefully he might catch her in a compromising position. He might even (this seems reasonable after a couple of drinks) save time by pushing her, gently, into the compromising position. So Jacob Duff plans. Hates himself. Takes a drink. And another. Just to keep from being bored to death, or to keep from thinking of the word "frameup" which, after all, is not a concept that occurs to a gentleman. And so Jacob, who was at worst a snob, becomes through boredom a heel, a drunk, a killer. And Mrs. Holding keeps you on the edge of your chair wondering what will become of Mr. Duff and of Mrs. Duff who happens to be a very nice girl.

**MISS BUNTING** by Angela Thirkell. Knopf. \$2.50.

Now to England where those ready-made characters fall like ripe plums into the novelist's lap, and where nobody can make more delicious plum preserves than Angela Thirkell. Thirkell is for nice quiet people who like to sit back in deep leather armchairs in front of the fire and read about other nice quiet people. Her latest novel is *Miss Bunting*. The scene is the English countryside. The time is just before the end of the war—but it might as well be the time of Jane Austen. (The pleasant ladies and gentlemen of Mrs. Thirkell's village would be more at home with Elizabeth Bennet and Mr. Darcy than with their American contemporaries drawn by Mr. O'Hara.) Jane Gresham's husband has been missing since the loss of his battleship in the Far East, so Jane comes to live with her father Admiral (retired) Palliser, and she brings her little boy Frank who is easily the most engaging fictional child of 1946, and, God Save the Mark, she almost commits the unpardonable social error of falling in love, ever so slightly, with a Mr. Adams who is not only in business but a self-made man, and therefore quite impossible.

And here we must face (and then overlook) the fact that Angela Thirkell is probably the most fiercely class-conscious novelist now operating. Our proletarian writers of the thirties, bashing capitalists with baseball bats, aren't in it. Mere amateurs compared to the gentle Mrs. Thirkell when she sees capitalist or proletarian threatening the sacred preserves of her county gentilefolk. And who can altogether

blame her? The life she describes is so gracious and delightful that though it be based on centuries of inequality one can hardly blame anyone for hating to see it die. Besides, the lady is mellowing. In her last two books the characters were either gentry or horrid (all middle-class girls had thick ankles) and here is Mrs. Thirkell allowing one of her nicest young ladies to think kindly, even for a minute, of self-made Mr. Adams.

The heroine of the novel is, of course, Miss Bunting, a regal elderly lady who has been governess to all the best families of the neighborhood, and who comes to the village as temporary tutor to Sir Robert Fielding's daughter, Anne. This book is, in fact, a celebration piece for Miss Bunting who represents all the virtues and traditions of the English gentry. When her assignment is finished, she is secretly relieved, for Sir Robert and Lady Fielding, "kind, delightful and intelligent people though they were, could not be called county; not possible". (I must admit I thought Sir Robert and Lady Fielding were top drawer, which goes to show that amateurs shouldn't place bets.)

All quibbles aside, *Miss Bunting* is not to be missed. Mrs. Morland, the vague, lady author who is always mislaying her glasses, is not to be missed. Nor is old Lord Stoke who is very deaf and has a knack of paralyzing any conversation, but is very charming for all that, because all Mrs. Thirkell's characters can be very charming if she wants them to be, and this in spite of her penchant for long sentences like this one, but of course hers are nicer and sometimes full of non-sequiturs that are put there on purpose, and will make you laugh out loud when you least expect to.

**FRIDAY'S CHILD** by Georgette Heyer. Putnam. \$2.75.

Want to meet some more charming people? Try *Friday's Child*, a novel by Georgette Heyer. It's a historical novel, but don't let that scare you because it is unlike any historical novel you have ever read. (More like *Evelina* than anything else I can think of.) It's about a group of gay, likeable young people in Regency London. The society in which they move is very fashionable, spendthrift, daring and (this is Miss Heyer's private joke) extremely conventional. Dashing young Viscount Sheringham is turned down by the belle of the season. Furious and hurt because she has taxed him with being a libertine, and desperate because he must either marry or wait until the dreary old age of twenty-five to come into his fortune, Sherry threatens to wed the first woman he sees. This turns out to be sixteen-year-old Miss Hero Wantage, his childhood playmate,



the snubbed poor-relation of a neighboring family—and a most enchanting heroine. Sherry carries her off to London, making it quite plain that this is a marriage of convenience. And Hero, who is deeply in love with Sherry, tries to do him credit by matching his own exploits in their fast, fashionable circle. She succeeds only in getting into every possible scrape. When Sherry, fearful of being disgraced, threatens to exile her to the country, Hero runs away, hoping that Sherry will miss her and perhaps find that he loves her. It's a merry, glittering tale. Has a first-rate villain, by the way, complete with sneers, evil designs, and the magnificently villainous name of Sir Montagu Revesby.

**WHAT CHEER.** *An Anthology of American and British Humorous & Witty Verse* edited by David McCord. Coward McCann. \$3.50. An anthology of verse is an invi-

tation to a reviewer to lick his chops, roll up his sleeves and pound out a thousand words of fury about the anthologist's incredibly stupid omissions. This is one case where the reviewer is licked. Can't find a thing to quarrel with. This is a wonderful, unorthodox anthology which ruthlessly omits all the old anthology-stuffers that have appeared in dozens of collections because some editor thought they were funny back in 1862. Instead we have here 515 pages of seldom-seen, genuinely funny verse by fine poets and wits from Drayton to Robert Frost, D. H. Lawrence, A. P. Herbert, E. A. Robinson, Morris Bishop, Ogden Nash. Included are such prizes as the full lyrics of *Waltzing Matilda* and Noel Coward's *Mad Dogs and Englishmen*, an excellent selection of limericks and masterpieces of invective. The book is nicely bound in a compact format; a fine traveling companion for a vacation trip.

## It's You I Want

(Continued from page 11)

married," Clifton said. "We need your help." Then in a rush he went on to tell how he and Ellen had been seeing each other on the sly and how it was driving them crazy to have to do everything underhanded like that. "In the Army," he said, "when a fellow was in trouble he went to his chaplain, so I told Ellen I'd come to you. If only you'd go out there with me and talk to Mrs. Shippee, sir..."

The Reverend Lester is a man who likes to study a problem from all sides before committing himself, and he just nodded once or twice, not saying much, until Clifton was about talked out. "Son," he said then, "let's be very sure of this. Are you certain you want to marry a girl whose father behaved the way Pete Shippee did and whose mother is—well—not exactly like other women?"

That didn't faze Clifton. He was marrying Ellen, he said, not her parents. "Mrs. Shippee would have been all right if things had gone the way they should," he said. "And Ellen takes after her, not Pete. She says so herself."

The Reverend Lester hadn't lived in Woodfield when Judith was a girl. He looked at me, and I had to admit Clifton was right.

"Will you, sir?" Clifton pleaded. "Will you go out there?"

"If you and Ellen want me to," the Reverend Lester agreed.

The following afternoon the three of us—they'd asked me to go along in case of trouble—climbed the barrier and walked down Pete Shippee's road to the house. Nothing sneaky about it, mind you. The time had come for a showdown, and the Reverend Lester's knock on the door was good and loud.

Judith opened the door and frowned at us. "All right, come in," she said. "I've been expecting you."

The house hadn't changed much. It still was a monument, you might say, to Pete Shippee's skill with his

hands. Judith showed us into the big front room facing the pond and told us to sit. Ellen came from upstairs.

"You sit, too," Judith told her. "Never mind your hair now"—the girl had been brushing it and had the brush in her hand—"just sit." Then, her hands on her hips, she glared at the Reverend Lester and said, "Well, you came here to lecture me, I expect. Go ahead and lecture."

The Reverend looked at Ellen as if sizing her up, and when he spoke, his voice was soft, not like his sermon voice in church. "I didn't come to lecture anyone, Judith," he said. "Just to ask you, as a good woman, to give Ellen the freedom she's entitled to."

"To marry this boy, you mean?" Judith replied.

"If that's what she wants, yes. There's not a person in Woodfield who doesn't regret the hardships you've suffered, Judith. But for you to judge all men by Pete Shippee and mold your daughter's life to that judgment is dead wrong. The girl must choose for herself."

Judith tried to stare him down, but he wouldn't budge. Then all at once the fierceness went from her face, and she sighed. "Ellen," she said, "you and Clifton go for a walk. When I want you, I'll call." She got up and went to the door. "Go on now, both of you."

They were bewildered, but did as they were told, and Judith watched from a window until she was sure they were clear of the house. Then she sat down, facing the Reverend Lester. "He's a good boy," she said. "He's got the same spirit Pete had. Don't you think I know it?"

"Judith," he said, "no one blames you for comparing this boy with Pete. But it isn't fair."

"Fair?"

"Pete emptied your life, but that's no reason for you—"



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"Pete Shippee was the finest man ever lived," Judith said.

The Reverend and I just looked at her.

Judith got up. We heard her on the stairs, going to one of the bedrooms, and when she came back she put a framed picture of Pete Shippee on the table. The rest of what she said she said to that picture, never once looking at us.

"I made Pete build this house so I could have him to myself," she said. "I couldn't stand the thought of sharing him. He gave up his hunting and fishing for me. He gave up his friends. If there'd been a way for him to make a living here without going out, he'd have done that, too, to keep me happy. I had to have all there was of him and he gave it, until there was nothing more to give. Then he went away to find peace."

She took the picture and pressed it against her, as if it was Pete himself. "Now you know," she said. "Pete never walked out on me. I drove him away."

There wasn't anything I could say. No one else in Woodfield had been slower than me to condemn Pete when he went away, but I had condemned him and now I felt stifled. The Reverend Lester didn't have that feeling; he hadn't known Pete and could see this thing from an outsider's point of view. He said, "I feel sorry for you, Judith. But you won't mend your own mistakes by refusing Ellen her freedom."

"I'll keep her from doing the same to another man," Judith said fiercely.

"Nonsense." "Is it? I've watched that girl. I began watching her when I saw the first signs. There's none of Pete in her. She's my daughter, every breath she draws."

"You're making too much of it," the Reverend said as if comforting a sick person.

"Ellen's like me," Judith said, "wrapped up body and soul in herself and her possessions. I tried to cure it when she was only a toddler. When I saw it couldn't be cured, I made up my mind she'd never have a chance to hurt others the way I did. I know what I'm doing."

"You've brooded too much," he said with a show of impatience.

"Have I? I'll show you, both of you!" Judith's face had hardened again and she strode into the kitchen and flung open the door. We heard her shouting. A few minutes later she marched Ellen and Clifton into the room where we sat.

"Do you two want to be married?" she demanded, turning on Ellen.

Ellen, poor girl, was puzzled. Not knowing what was back of the question, she looked at Clifton as if hoping he'd answer for her. But the look on Judith's face had bowled him over too, and he was voiceless. Finally Ellen nodded "yes".

"Do you want to be married right away, this evening, if the Reverend Mr. Lester can arrange it?"

"If—that's what Clifton wants," the girl answered.

Clifton, standing against the wall, came to life and said angrily, "Of course that's what I want!"

"All right," Judith said fiercely. "Ellen, we'll get you ready." And all at once, as if she'd planned it down to the last move, she was leaning over the girl with a pair of shears in her hand. She must have picked them up when she went to the kitchen.

It was a frightening thing, I want to tell you, Judith waving those shears in front of Ellen's face. She was like the witch in those stories you read to children. The girl wrenched herself free and Clifton jumped to defend her.

"Now what's got into you?" Judith demanded. "I want to cut your hair short, that's all. No girl could pay proper attention to a home and husband with hair like that to take care of. Sit down!"

"I don't want her to give anything up for me!" Clifton shouted.

"You don't know what you want. Sit down, Ellen."

"I tell you—" But the Reverend Lester put a hand on Clifton and stopped him. There was a look on the Reverend's face that I hadn't seen before. He meant to get to the bottom of Judith's mind.

"Well?" Judith said.

But Ellen, with that long golden hair clutched in her hands, backed away from the shears and began to cry. "I don't want it cut off!" she sobbed.

"Do you think Clifton will stand for you devoting half your life to tending your hair, the way you do now? Sit down!"

Ellen wouldn't. Not looking at Clifton but watching the shears as if they were meant for her heart, she edged to the door, then turned and ran. Clifton, white with anger, would have run after her, but again the Reverend Lester stopped him. "Wait," he said.

Judith put the shears down beside Pete's picture on the table and sank into a chair. "It's other things besides her hair," she said. "It's been dolls and toys and clothes—everything that ever came into her life. I've bought her nice clothes. She puts them on in her room, to study herself in the mirror, but steals mine to go out in. She never lets a thing go. She's caged birds and wild creatures and kept them till they died. She'd cage Clifton the same way."

I looked to the Reverend Lester, expecting him to be as angry as I was, but he was frowning at Judith as if beginning to comprehend her. "You mean it, don't you?" he said softly. "It is Clifton you're concerned about?"

"He's like Pete. He'd give her what she wanted until there was nothing left to give."

For a minute no one spoke, not even Clifton. Then the Reverend Lester stirred. "I don't know what to say," he declared. "If it was only a barrier of logs I could cope with it, perhaps, but this kind of barrier . . . I don't know, I don't know. Judith,

you tell Clifton what you've told us. All of it."

She told him. All of it. And Clifton listened politely without interrupting. Then he turned to the Reverend Lester and said calmly, "I'll go and get Ellen, sir. If Mrs. Shippee has no other objection, we'd like you to marry us this evening." He started for the door. And stopped.

We hadn't heard Ellen come back, but she was there in the doorway. She had kicked her shoes off and her feet were muddy from walking the path around the pond. In her hand she had scissors and a silver comb, and her hair, cut off close to her head, was hung over her arm. I learned later the comb and scissors were part of a set Clifton had given her for her birthday, and she'd kept them hid in the oak at the pond's edge.

She laid her hair over Clifton's arm and smiled at him, though her face was streaked from crying. "I don't care about my hair," she said. "It's you I want."

They were married that evening in the Reverend Lester's parlor, with just a few of us on hand to watch. Afterwards they went away on a trip, and when they got back, their furniture had come from the city and Fred Hall had fixed up a house to rent them. Judith moved in with them, she being in too poor health to live alone in the house by the pond.

Everything was fine. Even Judith seemed satisfied.

Only time I ever heard Judith mention that day at the pond was a Saturday she had supper with us, just before she died. She asked if Clifton was going fishing with Fred and me the next morning, and I said he was. "I'm glad I was wrong," she said. "That day at the house I thought Ellen was"—and she let the thought hang a while, as if maybe she oughtn't to say it—"was just trading one possession for another, so to speak."

My Mary laughed and said, "Now Judith, you know better'n that. Why, they're so full of love it hurts to look at them!"

They were, too. And more so, if possible, after Judith passed on. Got so you couldn't get them over to supper, even, they were so fond of being by themselves. Got so Clifton began to lose all interest in things she couldn't do with him, such as hunting and fishing. "My gosh," he'd say, poking fun at us. "You fellows stay out all of a Sunday morning, sometimes all day. Don't you love your wives any more? And besides," he'd say, "I got a hundred things to do around the house."

Well, it was an old house they'd rented. Needed lots of fixing up, I guess, and took a lot of Clifton's time. But he's rid of it now. Just yesterday, when I reminded him that Friday was the start of the deer season, he told me he was moving.

"I sort of wish I could hunt with you," he said, "but I guess not. I got to start moving our things out to the house on the pond."



## Tall Tales (1946)

(Continued from page 7)

mobbed him. He kissed them all. But though he was looking for a bride he hadn't found her yet, so naturally all the girls wanted to meet him.

This is all of a part with the Johnny Jones the GI Joes invented for the edification and entertainment of the mademoiselles when the fighting ended and they had a little time on their hands. Johnny was described as the best looking soldier in the U. S. Army. He was also the toughest. Faster than Superman, he merely dodged bullets. But he caught anything up to five-inch shells in his bare hands and threw 'em back with so much speed there was no trajectory. For larger shells he used a baseball bat—and all the major league teams were trying to sign him.

In Jones, Harry, Kilroy and Doyle the GI Joes followed the pattern set by the Stormalong and other legends of the Nation's amazing history—the most rapid growth to power in all the annals of mankind. Their stories, in other words, were in the strictly heroic tradition. But there was also an entirely different group of the Sad Sack variety that had its origin in World War I. That, incidentally, is where the use of the written message started.

The prototype in the last war was a nonexistent lad named Elmer. He was anything but a hero. He was the scapegoat for everybody's mistakes. This didn't matter much because he made so many himself. The first line on him was "Where's Elmer?" or "Has anybody seen Elmer?" Then "Elmer did it" or "Elmer must have been around" became the standard explanation when anything went wrong. It is said that thousands of men who sign their names in the "E. Robert Smith" form, veterans of World War I who actually had Elmer as their first name, will sock you right in the mush if you call them that. It may be all right at the Legion or Veterans of Foreign Wars convention, but don't try it if you didn't serve with the guy.

Descendants of Elmer in World War II who have come to light so far were "Hardy" in the Pacific and "Clem" in the European theater and Lord knows how many others. The Pacific scapegoat is said to have been a butcher, Private Joseph Hardy from Alabama. Nobody knows who Clem was in the flesh except that he came from Arkansas. But each got credit for being in dozens of places at once as the gag traveled from one outfit to another. Each was made a hero in reverse in the tall tales invented about him by the boys.

Hardy was the soldier who obeyed all orders, rules and regulations more meticulously than anyone else, yet always got himself into trouble. He cleaned his rifle more often than any other soldier, but always forgot to take the rag out of the barrel. Even when he was up long before reveille, he was invariably late for roll call and even for breakfast. As a consequence,

if a plane took off and a member of the crew was missing, a sign appeared on its return reading "We lost Hardy". When a jeep broke down someone was sure to scrawl on its side "Hardy at work".

Because anybody can make a drawing of him, as well as of his girl, Clem is likely to be the most long-lived of the World War II imaginary scapegoats developed from a single original who made a few mistakes. He was known in the fighting echelons, but he came to the height of his prominence overseas in the replacement depots or "repple depples" where soldiers are held in maddening inactivity awaiting transport home. The story has it that Clem got tired of that stuff and decided to take matters into his own hands.

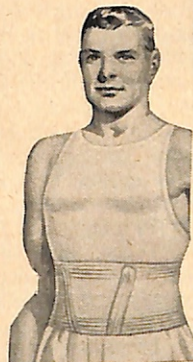
First he got past looys, captains and majors all the way up to a colonel and read the riot act in no uncertain terms. He wanted to go home. That got him ten days in the brig and 30 days K.P., and a couple of ships he might have been on sailed without him. Then he tried to pass himself off as another soldier with a higher number of points, and got caught. The WACs seemed to be getting away, so he made himself up as a girl—all except those high Army service brogans. When he had been at the camp longer than anyone else "Clem" signs, with art, began to appear.

Several New York publishers are said now to be considering books about Clem. The publicity he got abroad was only a candle flare compared to the glow of the spotlights that hit him in the big town. It all started when the crew of the *Aquitania*, after landing 7,000 soldiers, had to spend an entire day erasing Clem signs. They appeared in every bunk—"Clem's Ferry"; "Clem rowed us over"; "Clem et here", ad infinitum. Nearly always there was a horizontal line for the fence top and Clem's sad face peering over it, with only eyes, ears and nose showing. Since then Clem has made the subway walls and a lot of other public spots.

It is noted above that the tall tales of the heroic type got the girls. They got some of what the Joes call "Dizzy Dames" so much dizzier than the U. S. and British governmental authorities had to take official cognizance of the problem and its potential dangers. Under the auspices of the American Red Cross, "deglamourizing" schools have been established in various parts of the tight little island. Some 53,000 British wives of American GIs supply the pupils, and the instructors are trying in a kindly way to explain that Hollywood is only a place like Alice in Wonderland, and what a Yank means by the word "gag".

Dr. James M. Eagan, Field Director of the Red Cross, supervised the setting up of the school system. He returned to this country recently not at

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all certain that it was going to work. The tall tale tellers have done an excellent job of convincing the girls of Britain and France that in spite of its dangers, this is still the most remarkable country in the world—the only one, in fact, with mile-high skyscrapers and big, rock candy mountains.

"I don't know," says Dr. Eagan. "We've done our best to deglamourize America over there but I'm afraid those English girls are going to be disappointed to find a few towns over here with buildings under eighty stories high. It's so hard for use to set these girls right.

"Just before I left England, a girl came to me and asked how many guns she'd be allowed to take with her to America.

"What for?" I asked.

"Why," she said, surprised that I didn't know, "to protect myself from those criminals, of course."

"English girls, who'll believe practically anything, think crime is so rampant in America the average person has to shoot it out with several desperadoes on his way to work every morning."

One of the units headed by Dr. Eagan was at Nottingham, hard by the forest where Robin Hood held forth. It was called the Robin Hood School for GI Wives, and more than 350 brides had attended it prior to the return of Dr. Eagan to this country. The town is famous for its beautiful girls—and during the war it was the headquarters of the 508th Paratroop Infantry. In prewar days Nottingham had eight women to every man, so that the dashing paratroopers were more than popular—man(na), as one might say, from Heaven.

"Most of the girls who came to the school," says Dr. Eagan, "were wives of paratroopers. We told them of the geography of the United States, of its history, and of working conditions, trying to deglamourize the country a little bit. But they all had the most fantastic ideas of living here. We tried to tell them what it will be like, living on \$35 or \$40 a week, compared to what that amount would get them in England.

"They asked amazing questions. Some asked about how to get a divorce in this country, and it is true that some of them married only to get a ticket across the Atlantic. But most of them were genuine marriages. The British birth rate, by the way, is now the highest it has been since 1922, and it was very high in Nottingham."

One thing that has made the work of the schools a little easier is that the Yanks held to definite sectional patterns in most of their romantic bragging. A Boston lad convinced an intellectual English girl he was in charge of banning books at the Hub. The Texans were all ten-thousand-acre ranch men, the Oklahomans owned oil wells, the Wyoming boys were cattle barons, Michigan lads were motor magnates, and all the New York and Chicago Joes owned night clubs.

The prize story was told by a soldier

from Kansas City who married a girl from a little town in France. He warned her that every Saturday night the Indians get drunk, sweep into the city and tomahawk and scalp the settlers. But he also explained that the Redskins are not very smart and are easily hoodwinked. All one has to do is duck when the tomahawk swings and hand the Indian a wig. He'll think it contains scalp and everything and trot along. The story came to light when customs officials found half a dozen blonde swatches in the young lady's baggage.

It may be, of course, that the girls of England, France and Australia who married American soldiers are not as gullible as they let on to be. At any rate they seem to have no fear of the reported dangers of life in this country, or at least not enough to make them want to keep away from it. On the contrary, they are so anxious to get in that there has been a wave of girl stowaways in the past few months. Most of them, but not all, are brides. One of the latter had her eight-months-old baby along. There are said to be 20,000 babies among the wives of GIs in England.

At last reports some 22,000 of the wives had formally applied for transportation to this country. Virtually all of them, however, want to get here. When they do, and get used to the blood-curdling war cries of the Indians on Park Avenue, the howl of the wolves on Broadway and the pitiful bleat of the lambs being shorn in Wall Street, they should have so many stories to tell in an entirely new category of the tall tale—the woo angle—that it may be necessary for the Public Library to build a new wing. Or perhaps the flood of new books on the subject certain to appear might be accommodated in the Pentagon Building.

An entire chapter is devoted to the yarns told about that structure in the book entitled "Tall Tale America". This is the work of Walter Blair, Professor of English at the University of Chicago, who is generally recognized as the nation's leading authority on this type of folklore. In the book, published in 1944, Dr. Blair vouches for the truth of all the tales, including the ones he hadn't read or heard of yet and the ones that hadn't been invented. He said he'd even made improvements of his own and "fixed up fact after fact to make it truer than it ever was before".

The book is also used as the vehicle for a description of the Gremlins who bedeviled American aviators by stopping up carburetors and making them think they were flying upside down when they got into clouds. And the one about the Senator who went on a launching platform in the West Coast shipyard where ships were being built at phenomenal speed to christen a ship. He looked down into the empty ways when he was handed a bottle of fine, vintage champagne and wanted to know where the vessel was. "Start swinging," he was told. "It'll be there by the time you get the bottle around."

It is Blair's contention that Columbus and other early explorers really laid the foundation for the tall-tale form of humor. "More than two thirds of the lies they told," he says gravely, "weren't true at all. But since nobody could check up on them the yarns couldn't be disproved." This established the precedent for European and other foreign willingness to believe anything about the United States, as observed by Dr. Eagan.

A point of interest in this connection is that while the actual exploits of this country have become bigger and bigger and the tales about its imaginary heroes taller and taller, the physical proportions attributed to the heroes have had a tendency to diminish to something like normal. Despite their prodigious feats of strength and endurance, Johnny Jones, Doyle and Ozark Harry were never described as more than about six feet tall. Perhaps this is because for the first time in the history of the tradition the yarns were spun for audiences of young women, and the spinners had to accommodate their heroes to the size of the girls.

In the only serious chapter of his last book—the bibliographical note—Professor Blair lists nearly 100 books and articles in culture-group magazines as his sources of reference. These include what he calls "a long and truthful poem by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, a Harvard professor—'The Courtship of Miles Standish'". Significantly he notes only three books about the folklore heroes of World War II—Thomas E. Bradford's "Paul Bunyan in the Army"; the "Pocket Book of War Humor", edited by Bennett Cerf, and "Tall Tales They Tell in the Service", edited by Sergeant Bill Davidson.

The obvious reason for this paucity of humorous books about the war is that it was a deadly serious matter until the self-constituted Arch-Superman of all time and the Son of Heaven discovered they had been sadly mistaken in their own identities. But now it is coming out that even during the worst days of their two short retreats—in Tunisia and the Battle of the Bulge—the one sure way to make worn out, wet, cold, disgusted and fed-up-with-war Yanks start fighting again was to give them a laugh. The classic call-to-advance of World War I was that attributed to a big, tobacco-chewing top kick. At the zero hour he tore off a bite of cut plug and started over the top, waving an arm and roaring, "Come on, you so and sos, d'ya wanna live forever?"

The tales set down here about World War II heroes are only the beginning. Kilroy and Doyle have yet to be built up to their full stature. No doubt when all the boys are home and adjusted the real untruth about the Manhattan Project will find its way into the folklore. Instead of a couple of hundred scientists it may turn out that some heretofore obscure and nonexistent GI Joe is the guy who really invented the atom bomb—and fission will find its way into the fiction of the Yankee troubadours.





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